The Tribune.

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THE TRIBUNE,

Published every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO.

(LIMITED.)

Publishers and Proprietors.

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Communications should be addressed to

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO., (LIMITED),
Deseronto, Ont

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

T. G. PILE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, Deseronto Ontario. 3

COAL.

FOR HOUSE USE OR BLACKSMITH SHOPS, AT lowest market rates. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

SALT.

BY CAR LOAD, BARREL, OR IN BULK, AMERICAN or Canadian, at lowest market rates. Write for prices.
1 THE RATHBUN CO

WATER LIME.

WATER LIME, PORTLAND CEMENT, AND Plaster Paris for sale, cheap, and full directions given how to use successfully. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO

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INSURANCE ON FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY at low rates in Standard Stock Companies—the Royal Insurance Company and Commercial Union of England, Western and British American of Toronto.
THE RATHBUN CO.,
Agents.
17-z

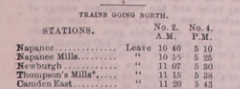
O'CONNOR HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient sample Rooms; and every accommodation and comfort for guests. The Bar is supplied with best imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges moderate First-class Livery in connection. Good Yard and Stables attached.
P. O'CONNOR, Prop'r,
*3-1. Deseronto Ont.

QUEEN'S HOTEL.

OPPOSITE CITY HALL,
BELLEVILLE, - - - ONT.
First-class hacks connecting with all trains. Street cars pass the door every fifteen minutes.
-2.1y. SIBBITT & CO., Proprietors

MONEY TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT.
$35,000.00 of Private Money.
Old Mortgages paid off, New Loans taken and Mortgages Purchased.
Apply to
GIBSON & CLUTE,
1 yr. Barristers, Napanee.



Napanee, Tamworth
—AND—
QUEBEC RAILWAY.
NAPANEE VALLEY LINE.
TIME TABLE No. 9.
IN EFFECT JULY 1st, 1886.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. A.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	10 40	5 10
Napanee Mills	"	10 55	5 25
Newburgh	"	11 07	5 30
Thompson's Mills*	"	11 15	5 38
Camden East	"	11 29	5 43
Yarker	"	11 35	6 00
Colebrooke*	"	11 40	6 02
Galbraith Road*	"	11 45	6 05
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)	"		6 10
Moscow	"	11 50	6 15
Mudlake Bridge*	"	12 00	6 25
Enterprise	"	12 05	6 30
Wilson's Crossing*	"	12 13	6 38
Tamworth	Arrive	12 25	6 50

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3. P.M.
Tamworth	Leave	6 45	2 45
Wilson's Crossing*	"	6 55	2 55
Enterprise	"	7 00	3 05
Mudlake Bridge*	"	7 07	3 15
Moscow	"	7 15	3 20
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)			
Galbraith Road*	"	7 25	3 30
Colebrooke*	"	7 28	3 32
Yarker	"	7 30	3 35
Camden East	"	7 45	3 50
Thompson's Mills*	"	7 50	3 58
Newburgh	"	7 55	4 10
Napanee Mills	"	8 05	4 15
Napanee	Arrive	8 20	4 30

*Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R. C. CARTER, Gen. Mgr. H. B. SHERWOOD, Superintendent. E. W. RATHBUN Asst. Gen. Manager

Royal Mail Daily Line
—TO—
Picton Kingston & Belleville.

The Elegantly Equipped Upper Saloon Steamer

"HERO."

C. H. Nicholson, Master.

Commencing Monday, July 12th, and until further notice will leave Kingston daily at 3.30 P.M., sharp, arriving at Bath 5.00; Picton 7.30; Deseronto 9.00; and Belleville (Friday excepted) at 11.00 p.m.

Returning will leave Belleville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6.00 A.M., sharp. Deseronto 7.30; Picton 9.00; arriving at Kingston at 1.30 P.M.

On Tuesday and Thursday will leave Belleville at 4.00 a.m.; Deseronto, 5:30; Picton, 7:00; Bath, 9:15; arriving at Kingston, 11:00 a.m.

On Saturday will leave Deseronto at 4:30 a.m.; Picton, 6:00; Bath, 8:30; arriving at Kingston at 10:30 a.m.

Special attention given to the careful handling of freight, for which reasonable rates will be guaranteed.

Connections at Kingston with Cape Vincent and Rideau Canal strs., G. T. and C.P.Rys., and with all Railway and Steamboat lines at leading points. Through freight rates quoted.

Stateroom and Table accommodation and attention unexcelled.

For further information apply to the Captain on board, or

THE RATHBUN CO.
Agents.

FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring Insurance that we are Agents for

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ENGLAND;
THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y OF ENGLAND;
THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, OF TORONTO, ONT.;
THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y, OF TORONTO ONT.,
THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y.

Who will write Policies as low as any other *Stock* Company in the Dominion.

The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insure with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
6-L Deseronto, Ont.

BAY OF QUINTE
Railway & Navigation Company.
CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS OF THIS ROAD MAKE sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company for all Bay and River ports.

1886. TIME TABLE. 1886.

DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.
BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS	EXP. WEST.	MIXED EAST.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED WEST.	EXP. WEST.	MIXED EAST.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED WEST.	EXP. EAST.
	No.1	No.3	No.5	No.7	No. 9	No.11	No.13		
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		
Deseronto leave	..3:30	7:45	12:25	4:00	4:45	9:00	12:05		
East End, "	..3:35	7:50	12:30	4:05	4:50	9:05	12:10		
Deseronto Jun ar.	3:50	8:05	12:45	4:20	5:05	9:20	12:25		

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED WEST.	EXP. WEST.	MIXED EAST.	EXP. WEST.	MIXED WEST.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED EAST.	EXP. WEST.
	No 2	No. 4	No. 6	No. 8	No. 10	No. 12	No. 14		
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.		
Deseronto J. le's	4:00	9:00	12:55	4:30	5:20	9:10	12:40		
East End, ...	4:15	9:15	1:10	4:40	5:30	9:15	12:55		
Deseronto arrive.	4:20	9:20	1:15	4:45	5:35	9:30	1:00		

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily, (Sundays included.

Sure connections to and from Bay ainte Ports

Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

This Time-table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Departure of the time stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible or delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER.
Deseronto, Ont, Gen. Manager.

THE FAVORITE STEAMER
"VARUNA."

Will on and after May 8th, leave Deseronto as follows:—for Picton at 10.00 a. m; returning, will leave for Belleville and Trenton at 2.30 p. m.

CAPT. PORTE.
May 8th, 1886.

DESERONTO
Navigation Company.
(LIMITED.)

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk and Bay of Quinte Railways, for Picton and all Bay of Quinte Ports.

SURE CONNECTION WITH ALL TRAINS.

Str. "QUINTE"

Will until further notice sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Picton	6:00 A.M.	Leave Deseronto	1:00 P.M.
" Deseronto	7:30 "	" Belleville	3:30 "
" Northport	8:00 "	" Northport	5:00 "
" Belleville	10:00 "	" Deseronto	5:30 "
Arrive Trenton	11:30 "	Arrive Picton	7:00 "

Str. "GIPSY."

Will sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Napanee	6:00 A.M.	Leave Picton	3:00 P.M.
" Deseronto	7:00 "	" Deseronto	5:30 "
Arrive Picton	8:30 "	Arrive Napanee	6:30 "

This Steamer makes one extra trip between Picton and Deseronto with Mails and Passengers for G.T.R. going East as follows:

Leave Picton	10:00 A.M.	Leave Deseronto	1:15 P.M.
Arr. Deseronto	11:30 "	Arrive Picton	2:45 "

PURCHASE YOUR TICKETS READING via DESERONTO JUNCTION.

The Steamers are open for engagements for Excursions at all times. For further particulars apply to

R. C. CARTER.
General Manager
Deseronto, May 8th, 1886.

DESERONTO to OSWEGO
—AND—
NEW YORK.

The large, commodious and fast sailing Steamer

"RESOLUTE."

Now sails Tri-Weekly between Deseronto and Oswego. Parties going to New York and other points will find it to their advantage to take this route.

Cheap Rates of Freight.

LOW FARES.

For particulars enquire at Railway Office.

R. C. CARTER,
Gen. Manager.
May 8th, 1886.

My Horse, Cow, Sheep and Pig are sick, I will go to

Egar's Drug Store

and get medicine to cure them, only the best Condition Powders and purest Drugs are kept at the

OLD RELIABLE DRUG STORE

MAIN STREET, DESERONTO.

EXCITEMENT
HAS ARISEN AT
PETER H. FOX'S
NORTHPORT,

—In the wonderful Cheap Prices in:—

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Hardware, Crockery, Stationery, &c.

Having received a Fresh Stock of Prints Shirtings, Ginghams, Gray and White Cottons, Cottonades, Dress Goods, etc., and which have been bought very cheap and all of newest and best patterns, I am prepared to offer at a bargain.

King in exchange for goods and paying Thighest market price for Eggs, Butter, Lard, Tallow, &c.

Soliciting the public patronage.

PETER H FOX.

JUST BEYOND.

When out of the body the soul is sent,
As a bird speeds forth from the open tent,
As the smoke flies out when it finds a vent,
To loose itself in the spending—

Does it travel wide? does it travel far,
To find the place where all spirits are?
Does it measure long leagues from star to star,
And feel its travel unending?

And caught by each baffling, blowing wind,
Storm-tossed and beaten, before, behind,
Till the courage fails and the sight is blind,
Must it go in search of its heaven?

I do not think that it can be so,
For weary is life as all men know,
And battling and struggling to and fro
Man goes from his morn to his even.

And surely this is enough to bear,
The long day's work in the sun's hot glare,
The doubt and the loss which breed despair,
The anguish of baffled hope.

And when the end of it all has come,
And the soul has won the right to its home,
I do not believe it must wander and roam,
Through the infinite spaces groping.

No, wild may the storm be, and dark the day
And the shuddering soul may clasp the clay,
Afraid to go and unwilling to stay,
But when it girds it for going.

With a rapture of sudden conciousness,
I think it awakes to a knowledge of this,
That heaven earth's closest neighbor is,
And only waits for our knowing.

That 'tis but a step from dark to day,
From the worn out tent and burial clay,
To the rapture of youth renewed for aye,
And the smile of the saints uprisen.

And that just where the soul, perplexed and awed,
Begins its journey, it meets the Lord,
And finis that heaven, and the great reward,
Lay just outside of the prison!

MONEY IN MUTTON.

The fact is, the times are hard. It is not easy to keep up one's courage. Turn which way we may, there is not much money in farming. But sheep raising, or mutton and lambs, seems to be as promising as anything I can think of. The country is growing rapidly. Capital is abundant. Living is cheap. Our resources are unlimited. There is plenty of work to be done, and no lack of machinery to facilitate its accomplishment. The so-called "working class" are, or ought to be, better off in the country than any other time in the history of the world. We have two country butchers that come around twice a week to supply farmers and others with meat. The beef is only so-so, but it is far better than the mutton; and the "lamb" which they bring is a year-old Merino, so thin and poor that in cooking, the flesh on the leg shrinks so much that it leaves an inch or more of the bone bare. This is always a sure sign that the sheep are poorly fed and that the flesh contains a large percentage of water. When sheep are fat, the lean meat contains more invisible fat, and the meat is tender and juicy and does not shrink away so much in cooking. It is no wonder that mutton is not as popular here as in England. The trouble is not in the breed. We have all the English breeds of sheeps here, and the Merino in addition. And, so far as my experience goes, a little Merino blood improves the quality of the mutton and gives a hardier and healthier sheep, better adapted to our climate and system of farming. We do not feed well enough. It would pay us handsomely to feed our sheep more or less grain, malt sprouts, bran and cotton-seed cake.—*American Agriculturist.*

WATER.

It is an established fact that the greatest danger of contagion from the use of impure drinking water occurs at the time when a heavy rainfall succeeds a lengthened period of dry weather, and wells which had become totally or partially dry receive a sudden and large accession of water. As this condition prevails at present, persons who are obliged to use the water of such wells ought to satisfy themselves that the water is in a fit state for use, and free from any noxious matter, by submitting a portion to the following simple tests, and if the result is not satisfactory not to use the water for drinking until after it has been boiled for 15 or 20 minutes, cooled, and agitated for a time by being poured rapidly from one vessel to another. Indeed it would be well to observe this precaution in all such cases.

Test for organic (animal or vegetable) matter: Dissolve a small piece of permanganate of potass in pure water, put some of the water to be tested into a clean tumbler or phial, add to it sufficient of the permanganate solution to make it assume a distinct pink color. After shaking, let it stand for two hours; if the color remains unchanged the water is free from organic matter; but if it has faded or turned brown, the water is impure; and the more quickly it fades or changes, the worse is the water.

Another good test is, upon as much granulated sugar as will lie on a five cent piece pour a tablespoonful of *boiling* water, pour this into about half a pint of the water to be tested in a clear glass bottle, shake it so as to mix the sugar thoroughly with the water. Close the neck of the bottle with a plug of cotton wool and set it in a place where it will be pretty warm. Let it stand 48 or 60 hours; if the water remains clear it is free from germs, if it turns cloudy it is bad.

Test for salt: disolve a morsel of nitrate of silver (lunar caustic) in water, put a few drops of the solution into the water, in a glass, if the salt is present a milky appearance will at once ensue.

Test for sulphuric acid: drop a little of a solution of nitrate of baryta into of the water; if sulphuric acid is present a white heavy precipitate will be formed, this will indicate sulphate of lime or of iron in solution.

Test for excess of lime—make some lime water by pouring cold soft water over recently slaked lime, letting it settle, and decanting of the clear water, half fill a tumbler with the water to be tested, and fill up with the lime water. If here is an excess of lime, a milky appearance will ensue; if it remains clear lime is not present in any objectionable quantity. This is an excellent way of softening very hard water.

MOHAWK PIC-NIC.

The Political Pic-Nic to be held in the Mohawk grove, came off on Wednesday and Thursday as announced. The weather was splendid, the grove most delightful. Arches had been erected and every preparation made. The ladies of the Reserve provided dinner and tea with more than usual liberality. The band from Rice Lake, a creditable organization, furnished excellent music. Dancing and other amusements were indulged in by the young people. On the first day the attendance was very small, the crowd holding off for the presence of Sir John and other notables. The speakers therefore had only an audience of 80 electors to address, two-thirds being enfranchised Indians. The second day brought together a large assembly, probably 800 persons being on the ground, and the speakers had the pleasure of addressing fully three hundred electors among whom were several Indians. Rev. G. Anderson and Chief Solomon Loft acted as joint chairmen and introduced the speakers. The proceedings were quite harmonious and the speakers were all listened to with marked attention. We subjoin a very brief synopsis of some of the speeches.

W. P. HUDSON, M. P. P., for East Hastings, being called on by the Chairman made a brief but effective speech, congratulating the Indians on the occasion that had brought them together and on the possession of the privilege of the franchise. He then referred to the state of parties in the local legislature, maintaining that everything pointed to the defeat of the Mowat administration and the success of the Conservative party at the next provincial election.

SENATOR PLUMB was the next speaker. He addressed the newly enfranchised Indians at great length, concluding with warning them against Reformers who had in the past opposed every just measure.

MR. S. B. BURDETTE, of Belleville, the only Reform speaker present on the occasion followed in a short address.

MR. SOLOMON WHITE, M.P.P., for Essex, next addressed the meeting at great length. After bringing the previous speaker sharply to task for some of his statements, he stated that it was a low sordid view to take of the franchise, when it was asked if they were to get anything for it. They got the right of electing their representatives to parliament. Indians knew what it was to vote as they had been accustomed to elect their chiefs. Many Indians in his locality had exercised the right of suffrage in provincial elections most intelligently. Indians were not cowards and they accept the responsibility. He agreed with Mr. Burdette that the Indians were freemen, and allies who held their lands by a title superior to others, and that they had the right of the ballot before the present act. He went into a long history of the franchise and its bearing on Indians, his eloquent remarks being loudly cheered as he sat down.

On the second day Mr. A. Robertson, M. P., delivered a few remarks expressive of his pleasure at being present.

Mr. JOHN WHITE, M.P., for East Hastings, followed in a well conceived address. He had done what he could to secure the presence of Sir. John. He had gone to parliament to secure two things, the Indian franchise and the right of women to vote. The Conservatives had never said an unkind word about the Indians. He urged the Indians to vote for the party they deemed best worthy of their support; not to buy or sell their votes. He then referred to the progress of the country in past years.

HON. MR. CARLING, the next speaker, presented a long array of statistics illustrative of the wonderful progress made by Canada since Confederation. He denounced the unpatriotic spirit of the Reform party.

HON. THOS. WHITE, Minister of the Interior, followed in an eloquent and very interesting oration. His Haldimand experience showed to him the intelligence of the Indian. He narrated the struggle in Parliament over the Franchise Act, and the unhallowed conduct of Reformers in talking against time to frustrate the kind intentions of the government towards the Indian. The Indian paid taxes like other people and was entitled to the franchise. Taxation without representation is tyranny. He had every confidence in the Indians voting wisely and well. The rest of his interesting address was taken up with a discussion of the financial condition of the country and the Northwest rebellion.

In addition to these speakers Rev. G. Anderson and Dr. Oronhyatekha addressed the meeting, both urging the Indians to vote for Sir John and the Conservative party, who in the past had proved themselves true friends to the Indian race.

After votes of thanks to the various speakers the proceedings were brought to a close, the band playing the National Anthem.

Lieutenant Henn, of the Galatea, suggests that a race should take place between his yacht and some other single-masted American craft around the Bermuda islands and back to New York, for the purpose of testing their seagoing qualities.

THE MUMMY OF PHAROAH.

The King who Forced the Children of Israel to Make Bricks Without Straw.

The London *Times* thus describes the uncovering of the mummies recently discovered in the tombs at Dayr el Balhari, in Egypt :—

The mummy numbered 5 227, first removed from its glass case, was that of the Sekenen-ra Ta-aken (seventeenth Theban dynasty), as shown by the inscription, written in red ink and retouched with the brush upon the cover of his mummy case. Two large winding sheets of coarse texture, loosely fastened, covered the body from head to foot. Next came pieces of linen carelessly swathed, and pledgets of rags held in place by narrow bandages, the whole of these wrappings being greasy to the touch and impregnated by a fetid odor. The outer coverings removed, there remained under our hands a kind of spindle of stuff measuring about 1 metre 82 centimetres in length, and so slender that it seemed impossible there should be space enough inside it for a human body. The last two thicknesses of linen being stuck together by spices and adhering closely to the skin, they had to be cut asunder with a knife, whereupon the entire body was exposed to view. The head was thrown back, and lying low to the left. A large wound running across the right temple a little above the frontal ridge was partly concealed by long and scanty locks of hair.

THE LIPS WERE WIDE OPEN,

and contracted into a circle, from which the front teeth, gums and tongue protruded, the latter being held between the teeth and partly bitten through. The features, forcibly distorted, wore a very evident expression of acute suffering. A more minute examination revealed the position of two more wounds. One, apparently inflicted by a mace or a hatchet, had cloven the left cheek and broken the lower jaw, the side teeth being laid bare. The other, hidden by the hair, had laid open the top of the head a little above the wound over the left brow. A downward hatchet stroke had here split off an enormous splinter of skull, leaving a long cleft, through which some portion of the brain must have escaped. The position and appearance of the wounds make it possible to realize with considerable certainty all the circumstances of this last scene of the King's life. Struck first upon the jaw, Ta-aken fell to the ground. His foes then precipitated themselves upon him, and, by the infliction of two more wounds, despatched him where he lay, one being a hatchet stroke on the top of the head, and the other a lance or dagger wound just above the eye. We already know that Ta-aken fought against the Shepherds—i. e., the so-called "Hyksos" invaders, who ruled Egypt for about 500 years, but till now we did not know that he died on the field. T[illegible] tians were evidently victorious in the struggle, which

TOOK PLACE OVER THE CORPSE

of their leader, or they would not have succeeded in rescuing it and in carrying it off the field. Being then and there hastily embalmed, it was conveyed to Thebes, where it received the rights of sepulture. These facts explain, not only the startling aspect of the mummy, but the irregular fashion of its embalment. The chest and ribs, unduly compressed by operators working against time, are broken, and present the appearance of a collection of blackened debris, interspersed with scattered vertebræ The pelvis is intact, the bones of the arms and legs are all separate, and decomposition must have already set in before the embalmers began their work. A large white blotch which surrounds the wound on the brow appears to be neither more nor less than a mass of brain substance which has exuded and mortified. Thus hastily embalmed, the mummy was not proof against destructive influences from without. The wrappers are eaten through by worms, and shells of the larvæ of

MAGGOTS ARE FOUND IN THE LONG HAIR.

Ta-aken was about 40 years of age at the time of his death. He was tall, slender, and, to judge by what remains of the muscles of the shoulder and thorax, he must have been a singularly powerful man. His head was small, long, barrel-shaped, and covered with fine, black, curly hair, worn in long locks. The eye was large and deep set, the nose straight and broad at the bridge, the cheek bones were prominent, the jaw was massive, the mouth of middle size, somewhat projecting, and furnished with good sound teeth covered with fine enamel. The ears are gone, and there are scarcely any signs of beard or moustache. Ta-aken had been shaved on the very morning of the battle. Take him altogether, he must have been singularly like the *Bar*dbras (Nubians) of the present day, and have belonged to a race less mingled with foreign elements than that of the Rameses family.

The mummy case No. 5,232 contained the mummy of Seoti I., second King of the 19th Dynasty, and father of Rameses II., as testified by the official entries of the year. VI. and XVI. of Hrihor and the year X. of Pinetmou I. inscribed upon the lid. The arrangement of various winding-sheets and bandages was the same as upon the mummy of Rameses II. At about midway of the total thickness of the wrappings there occurred two lines of hieratic inscription in black ink, stating that "In the year 9, the second month of Pert [the season of seed time], the sixteenth day was the day of reclothing the King, Men-ma-ra [Seoti I.], to whom be life, health, and strength." Another inscription, written on one of the smaller bandages, adds that the linen used for the King's wrappings was supplied by the First Prophet of Amen Menkhopirri in his 6th year, so giving the date of the latest restoration of the King's funerary trappings. The body presents much the same appearance as that of Rameses II. It is long, fleshless, of a yellow-black color, and has the arms crossed upon the breast. The head was covered with a mask of fine linen, blackened with bitumen, which it was necessary to remove with the scissors. M. Alexandre Barsanti, upon whom that delicate operation devolved, removed this shapeless mass, and brought to view the

MOST BEAUTIFUL MUMMY HEAD

ever seen within the walls of the museum. The sculptors of Thebes and Abydos did not flatter the Pharaoh when they gave him that delicate, sweet, and smiling profile which is the admiration of travellers. After a lapse of thirty-two centuries the mummy retains the same expression which characterized the features of the living man. Most striking of all, when compared with the mummy of Rameses II., is the astonishing resemblance between the father and son. The nose, mouth, chin, in short, all the features, are the same ; but in the father they are more refined, more intelligent, more spiritual than when reproduced in the son. Seti I. is, as it were, the idealized type of Rameses II. He must have died at an advanced age. The head is shaven, the eyebrows are white, the condition of the body points to considerably more than three-score years of life, thus confirming the opinion of the learned, who have attributed a long reign to this King. The body is healthy and vigorous, notwithstanding the knotty state of the fingers, which bear evident traces of gout. The mouth is filled with some kind of paste, but the two teeth which are visible are white and well preserved.

EGGS FULL OF WHISKEY.

A Yankee Grocer's Device to Evade the Laws

Very distinct trails of the serpent that biteth like an adder have been observed in Maine, Rhode Island, and other States where prohibitory laws are supposed to be in force, and the people who believe in no rum except for medicinal and mechanical purposes have wondered how the bad stuff came there, when so many paid officials are on hand to prevent it. In Maine it is a criminal offence to sell anything harder than soda water, yet drunken men are seen on the streets of the larger towns every day, and the local Judges are kept busy in fining people for being intoxicated. The same results are noticed in Rhode Island, only to a larger degree. All these symptoms lead a philosopeical mind to ask : "Where do they get their liquor? The boats, cars, stages, and express companies are all watched, and everything suspicious is overhauled and inspected daily. Where does the liquor come from?"

It comes from many sources. There are many holes in the legar skimmer, and every one leaks a little. In the first place, a great deal of liquor, particularly beer and ale, is shipped in barrels to grocers and marked "Bermuda onions," or "Cincinnati hams," or something of that kind. Then there are plenty of coasters that come to Boston loaded with lumber and go back to Maine with a good supply of warming fluids stored away in sly places and delivered to those who want it in boats that land on the river banks at the side of lonely woodland roads, and turn over their freight to innocent-looking farmers with faces as guileless as cherubs. Every move of the Prohibitionists has been met by a counter-move by the men who want their toddy, and in fines and imprisonment, of constitutional amendments and moral suasion, the man who wants his morning cocktail can get it in any State of the Union, provided he wants it bad enough.

There is a little back office on Congress street, Boston, that looks very much like a small grocery store, kept by a neat old maid. On the counter is a pair of scales, a show case, brown paper, thread, and all the fixings of a country store. On the shelves against the wall are red tin boxes full of tea and jars and bottles innumerable. In front of the counter on the floor is a large wooden egg case, capable of holding forty-nine dozens when full, while near by is a small pasteboard box, partitioned off into twelve compartments, in every one of which lies a big egg, white and clean as chalk. In fact, they are so very white that a man would at once suspect them of being nest eggs, such as unskilled pullets use for patterns when they begin to lay.

"There are some there," said the proprietor, pointing to the box, "that are as fresh as any in the city. I'd warrant them every time."

"How much are they a dozen?"

"One dollar. Don't be in a hurry," continued the proprietor, with a smile. "Just take one of these and try it, and if you say you ever saw such eggs before I'll buy you a dozen at any market in Boston." Saying this he took up an egg, loosened the wax that adhered to the small end, drew out a plug, inserted a straw, pushed it over the counter, and said :

"Now she's all ready. Suck away."

The artist complied, and instead of tasting egg, he found his tongue assailed by first-class sherry. The egg was no egg at all, but just a glass shell filled with wine and stopped up.

"It is one of my ideas," remarked the grocer. "I got it up to sell in Maine and other places where such stuff is forbidden. The eggs hold two-thirds of a gill, or two-thirds of a common whiskey glass ; so, you see, one will furnish a good square drink to any man who isn't a hog."

"The eggs are made of common glass. At first I put on cemented cloth, but that leaked, and I had to plug the hole with wood and cover it with white wax. That works first-rate.

"As yet I have filled them with but three kinds of liquor—whiskey, sherry, and claret; but I am going to make some brandy eggs soon. I sell my eggs for $1 a dozen, and they retail for fifteen cents each, though I shall have to ask a little more for those that have brandy. I studied up the idea about a month ago, and have applied for a patent on it, which I think I shall get."

"How many have you sold?"

"Oh, I haven't pushed them much on account of not getting glass eggs fast enough. I have sold 200 or 300 dozen in Maine, and have about as many more ready to ship. As for Rhode Island, I haven't tried that market any to speak of. I find my eggs sell very well right here. People want them as curiosities. If a man is on a train he can just reach down into his gripsack, take out an egg in his handkerchief, put in his straw, and pull away without attracting notice. Drummers who have used my eggs says it is much better than to drink out of a bottle. It don't draw any attention.

A Gentle Hint.

A poor Scotch widow, named Betty, in the hope of receiving pecuniary aid, paid a visit to a wealthy female relative in Perth, who prided herself on the grandeur and cleanliness of her house. The lady of the house, after showing and lauding her several apartments to her visitor, asked her if she ever knew anyone have so clean a house as she. "Atwell it's clean," replied Betty, "but nae mair sae than the inside o' my leather pouch." It is needless to say that Betty went home a richer and happier woman.

HOUSEHOLD.

SOME HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS.

It is a very good use for the unworn borders of stair carpets to convert them into borders for rugs ; but suppose one is not able, quite yet, to buy new stair carpets? A friend of ours, a thrifty housekeeper, has just solved this problem, and most successfully metamorphosed her stair carpet, the entire middle of which was badly worn, by buying half the length required for the whole flight, of the best ingrain, cutting it lengthwise through the middle, sewing two ends together, and hemming the raw edge. This just fitted, on between the borders, over the old carpet. The pattern of the ingrain was fine, "crinkly," not decided in color, and harmonized with the border. It was marvelous how well it looked and the expense was trifling ; for the very best quality of ingrain carpeting can now be bought for less than a dollar a yard, and is found in almost perfect imitation of Brussels patterns.

Stair carpet pads can be made of shrunken, half-worn bed blankets, past using on beds. They should be covered with drilling, and will last a lifetime. They are a great saving on the wear of the carpets, as well as making them soft and agreeable to use.

There is nothing that freshens up a room carpet like sweeping it with coarse, wet corn meal. No dust will rise to settle upon furniture and bric-a-brac ; but it will all be absorbed by the meal.

There is a great difference of opinion as to the comfort and luxury of bed linen. A wealthy lady of our acquaintance, a housekeeper, who had no limit to her spending money said ; "*Linen* for my beds I have never thought of ; *cotton* is good enough for me"; but we could forego many other comforts for the sake of linen for our beds in summer. Good linen sheets will last for many years, and, when the middle becomes worn, the best part of each sheet will make a pair of pillow slips that will last for several summers. The parts much worn are rolled up and laid away in the "sick bag," to be readily found in emergencies, and utilized for compresses, bandages, poultices, and the various needs of sickness or accidents.

In buying table linen the finer, smaller the pattern, the longer it will last. When table cloths are half worn, or past use as such, the best parts may be cut into table napkins, and, if neatly hemmed, few will notice that they are not of a regular pattern, or these pieces may be used to lay under boiled fish for serving ; or they will be found very convenient for wrapping cake before putting away in a tin box, for covering bread, and a score of other uses in the kitchen ; for it is never well to leave food, after it is cold, uncovered, and exposed to air, dust, and flies.

Table cloths wear much longer if a double faced, thick canton flannel is first spread on the table. It smooths the edges, and is much softer and more agreeable than without it. Many consider it indispensable. The flannel costs about fifteen cents a yard.

When white merino underclothes are past wearing, they may be cut into pieces of suitable size, and used for window-cleaning ; first wet in warm water, in which a little washing soda is dissolved, and thereafter rubbing the glass with a soft, crushed newspaper ; it will have the effect of silicon.

Excellent iron-holders are made of soft, old merino, as well as cast-off hosiery, but they should be covered with new drilling, to make them serviceable. Housekeepers need to provide all these homely necessities ; for, by being careless and inconsiderate they often find themselves quite unable to furnish suitable materials to work with.

WRECKED BY A SHADOW.

Why Railway Engineers Dislike Moonlight Nights.

"Moonlight nights—they are the bane of railroad engineers," remarked a head official of a certain railroad the other night in a conversation. He is a gentleman who knows every branch of railreading.

"I would have thought that the trainmen would be glad to have moonlight nights," interposed the writer.

"No, sir ; all engineers dread moonlight nights. They try the nerves of engineers to their utmost. Engineers like to run on dark nights. On a moonlight night the trouble with them is no trouble at all—shadows. An engineer looking out from his engine, sees before him all manner of shadows! He is sure that the dark shadow across the track he sees is a man, or a rock, or some kind of an obstruction. He don't know, and he is kept in a state of nervous excitement all the time. Going around curves, along hillsides, many curious shadows are outlined on the track, and very often an engineer is so worked up over a night's ride, that he is scarcely able to perform his duties."

"Some years ago, when I was going over the main stem of the line one night, there was a freight wreck ahead of us. They were running freights in convoys then, or as we now call them, in sections. Our train was stopped and I went forward to see what was the damage. Lying in a cut was about the worst freight wreck I have ever seen. I went forward to see what the trouble was. It was a moonlight night, and when I got forward I saw the engineer. He was skaking all over with excitement. He was one of the oldest and best engineers on the road, and I was surprised to see him so nervous, as he had escaped unhurt.",

"What is the trouble, Tom?" I asked him. I could see nothing wrong.

"It was a rock," replied Tom. "I was coming round the curve when I saw it. It was a big one—big enough to smash a whole train. I reversed the engine to save a smash-up, and the cars coming down the grade just piled up in the shape you see them."

"I looked around, but could see no rock anywhere. The wreck was cleared away that night, and there wasn't a sign of an obstruction near the locomotive. We all were curious to find out what had caused the trouble. The next night a railroad man went to the cut, and there, in the moonlight he saw the perfect image of a big rock lying right across the track. He looked up on the hillside and there was a big rock throwing its shadow down on the track. That was the shadow that had caused a wreck that cost the company thousands of dollars. No, sir, if an engineer wants things to suit him he don't want moonlight by which to run his train.

A YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER.

Ten Inches of Snow in June—Planting Crops With Mittens on.

"I worked all day in my grain field with a heavy coat on, yesterday, and day before the thermometer was standing at 46°," said one of the oldest residents of the notherr part of Pennsylvania, the other day, "and that is the most practical and vivid reminder I have ever had of the year without a summer, when it was a common thing to see the farmers, every day, from June till September, wearing not only heavy coats, but overcoats and mittens as well, as they went about their work. That was in 1816, and I was 12 years old, and so I had a lively recollection of the remarkable summer. I lived in Vermont then, where the season was at its worst, as in New York State and Pennsylvania only three inches of snow fell during the month of June, while in Vermont we had ten inches. Snow fell several times during that month, and ice came daily.

One of the severest snow storms within my recollection fell in Vermont on the 17th of that June ; that was the day we got the ten inches, and it was

TEN GOOD SOLID INCHES,

on the level, I have good reason to remember that day. My father had some sheep in a back pasture, to reach which he had to go through a piece of woods for nearly a mile. The snow began falling on the 17th about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and my father started, after dinner, to fix up some sort of a shelter for the sheep in pasture. No one had any idea, cold and eccentric as the season was, that we could have snow to amount to anything at that time of year. I remember father, as he went out of the door, turning to my mother in a jocular way :

"'If I'm not back in an hour, mother, call the neighbors and start them after me. June is a bad month to get buried in the snow, especially, when it gets to be near the fourth of July.'

"The snow increased in fury, and by night it had drifted so that the roads were almost impassable, but even then, and when it grew dark, none of the family felt uneasy about father. The weather had grown intensely cold. When night set in however, and there was still no sign of father's return mother sent me to alarm the neighbors and tell them that we believed father had been lost in the snow. In spite of the severity of the night all the neighbors that could be reached turned out and searched the woods all night, but

NO SIGN OF THE MISSING MAN

could be found. The search was kept up all the next day and the next night without finding any trace of him, except that he had been to the pasture and built a shelter of boughs in one corner of the lot, under which the sheep were huddled. On the forenoon of the third day they found father half buried in the snow a mile from the pasture, in almost the opposite direction from home. He was dead. He had evidently become lost in the blinding storm, and had wandered about until he succumbed to fatigue and exposure. It seems a most improbable thing that a person ever fell a victim to a snow storm in the month of June in this latitude, but I have sorrowful knowledge of one instance where it was only too true.

"The wind during June, July, and August of 1816 was almost continually in the north, and it blew fiercely and cold. Farmers put in their crops, and shivered under their wraps while doing so. There was but little use in planting. Nothing grew, to speak of. There was very little rain during the entire summer. The great piles of firewood that always accumulated during the summer months at the farmhouse back doors, in readiness for winter, didn't accumulate in 1816. They were needed for current use.

"I remember that an old farmer named Shay was the only man that had any corn to gather in our neighborhood that year. He saved his crop in a funny way, and that was by building immense bonfires around his field, which he

KEPT BURNING ALL NIGHT

and on the coldest days. He and hired help took turns in patrolling the field at night and keeping the fires well supplied with pine knots, which were an abundant material in these days. This novel expedient on the part of Farmer Shay kept his cornfield warm and free of pests, and he had the only crop of corn in that part of the State

"July was colder than June and August was still colder. Ice formed a quarter of an inch thick in July, but in August in Vermont, water was frozen to the depth of nearly an inch. On the 30th of August there was a severe snow storm. August was as cheerless and dreary as November sometimes is. There was not a green thing to be seen anywhere. The first two weeks in September brought the first real warm weather we had experienced since May. The thermometer registered as high as 70°.

"The general opinion had been formed that the cause of the cold weather was a sudden and rapid cooling of the sun, and many believed that the end of all things was not far off. The appearance of the warm spell in September destroyed that fear for a time, but on the 16th the cold weather returned, and the people were once more thrown back to the old belief. An old man named James Gooding killed all his stock, and then hanged himself, after vainly trying to induce his wife to make way with herself also, to escape a gradual and terrible

DEATH BY FREEZING

and starvation, which he believed was to be the common doom. Cold weather increased from the middle of September until winter, and it may be said that the year 1816—in Vermont, at least—had no summer or autumn. There wasn't grain enough raised for seed the next year, and those who were lucky enough to have more of the crop of 1815 on hand than they wanted for their own use had no difficulty in selling it for $5 and more a bushel.

"All the corn raised in Vermont in 1817 was from seed grown in 1815, and I guess that was the case all through the Eastern States. Those who feared that the sun was cooling off in 1816 changed their minds in 1817, for that was one of the hottest and dryest summers that ever settled down in that country."

A woman in Albany attempted suicide the other day because her husband was out of work and she thought she added to his burdens. She was sent to the House of Shelter, and when her husband returned with employment he found her glad to be alive.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

Sam Jones, the evangelist, says he has cleared $600 a year since he began preaching.

A horse thief, lately arrested in Denver, had ridden his stolen animal over 400 miles from Nebraska.

Seven tramps were recently taken forcibly from the jail at Salida, Col., by members of the Citizens' League, flogged, and then set free.

A runaway horse in Pittsburgh tried to cross the Penn Railroad Bridge on Friday and fell between the cross ties in the middle of the track. He was raised with a derrick and carried off on a hand car.

A water spout burst over Otter Dam Creek, near Richmond, on Tuesday, sweeping away a long stretch of the railroad tracks, stone enbankments, and the iron bridge. An engine afterwards ran into the washout, but no one was killed.

A Captain of the Salvation Army, at Utica is in jail for knocking down in meeting a man who had created a disturbance. He was fined $20, but according to the rule of the Salvationists preferred two months in jail to paying the fine.

An Albany speculator is said to be making a good deal of money by purchasing Canadian silver in New York at 20 per cent. discount and circulating it at home at par.

The Mayor of Philadelphia has determined to buy no more benefit tickets to picnics and entertainments generally. He complains that his salary is not large enough to pay for all the tickets sent to him from all sorts of clubs and organizations.

Dr. Reginald Stuart Poole of the British museum has procured for Boston a valuable Colossus of Rameses II. It sits thirteen feet high, and will be brought down the Nile when the river rises in February.

The live mechette bug, a Brazilian beetle, has been introduced in Boston as an article of personal adornment. The bugs shown in a jeweller's window there are harnessed in gold bands, and sell for $8 a bug, harness and chain included.

Some days ago the wife of Eli Taylor, colored, was riding through the woods near East River, near Appalachicola, Fla., when she saw a young bear. She procured a long pole, and getting near his bearship, belabored him so soundly that he was soon despatched. He weighed about eighty pounds.

An immense quantity of jewelry is now made from thin layers of gold alloy upon an ingot of brass, formed while it is hot. On the ingot cooling it is forced between steel rollers into a long thin ribbon, each part of which is of course still covered with the gold alloy, incalculably thin, but which wears for years, and can be moulded into any shape.

The amount of matter in solution annually poured into the Gulf of Mexico by the Mississippi is estimated at 150,000,000 tons, at which rate one foot of land over the whole basin would be removed in 4,000 years. Similar calculations applied to the St. Lawrence, La Plata, and the Amazon reach the result that 100 tons per square mile are removed from the American continent every year. Again, it is calculated that not less than one cubic mile of earth is deposited every year in the Atlantic from America, Africa, Europe and Asia.

A man was arrested at Houlton, Me., a few days ago for selling liquor without a United States license, and taken to Bangor for examination. Bonds were obtained, and the person released to appear when wanted ; but instead of hanging around Bangor he took the night train for Woodstock, and hoofed it to the boundary line, two miles distant from Houlton. The fact becoming known, parties went over the line into Canada, got the man "full," and then it was an easy matter to step over into the United States with their victim, who now reposes in the county jail.

It has been suggested that, in order to insure greater strength and consequently more safety in ropes used for scaffolding purposes—particularly in localities where the atmosphere is destructive of hemp fibre—such ropes should be dipped, when dry, into a bath containing twenty grains of sulphate of copper per litre of water, and kept in soak in this solution some four days ; the ropes will thus have absorbed a certain quantity of sulphate of copper, which will preserve them for some time both from the attacks of animals parasites and from rot.

High license has succeeded in Savannah. The Council of that city increased the liquor license from $115 to $300, a great mistake, many people thought, as it would so reduce the number of saloons as to cause a great deficiency in the city's revenues, and, at the same time, have the effect of increasing the number of illicit dealers. The experience of a year has proved the wisdom of the Council and has benefited Savannah in every way. The number of liquor licenses has fallen off, it is true, some fifty odd, but only the worst and vilest saloons have disappeared. The city's revenues from the sale of liquors have increased from $31,112 to $70,-200, or more than double.

Chewing Gum by the Ton.

A correspondent writing to a Cleveland paper says :—A day or two ago my wayward feet carried my body into the suburbs and to a chewing gum factory. There I got some idea of an industry that thrives on penny sales and the remorseless energy of American jaws. In the place I saw half-a-dozen blocks of marble gum or petroleum wax. Each weighed about 100 pounds and was almost like pure pentalican stone, dear to the old sculptor's heart and hand. And it was absolutely clean and odorless. A few weeks ago the stuff laid in one of the huge tanks near the oil wells of Pennsylvania, a dirty, greenish-brown fluid, with the consistency of a bad mud and the bad smell of a glue factory. Then it was crude oil, but since then it has been in a turmoil, and through "stirring times" and chemical processes. From it had been extracted a lot of kerosene, almost as much naptha, not a little benzine, plenty of tar, and a lot of valuable but technically named affairs that are out of reach. Anyway, the gum wax was left, and it was that I saw, clean as an ideal farmer's bed-chamber, and as odorless as a civil-service reformer's record. Before it became the chewing gum of our friends it had to be melted, flavored, sweetened, and "put up" in fanciful array. Then the 100-pound block would appear in 5 000 penny cakes, and I am told that about 500 of these 100-pound blocks are used in each week of the history of Columbia, "the gum of the ocean," etc. It's tough—the fact, not the gum.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

HOME.

A London lady found 410 needles in an old pincushion.

The Prince of Wales will visit Emperor William and attend the fall review of the Guards.

It is said that the length of the graving dock at Esquimalt, B. C., will be enlarged from 391 feet to 531 feet.

A valuable Jersey cow and calf belonging to Mr. John Carnegie, M.P.P., were fatally poisoned by eating weeds.

A tender has been accepted for the construction of the new Court House in Toronto, the amount being $111,000.

The C. P. R. promises to build a new passenger depot and freight sheds, and a dock 400 feet long, at Fort William.

Vice-Admiral Lyons has been selected to succeed the Earl of Clanwilliam in command of the British squadron in North America.

The Canadian steamer Frances Smith has been seized by the customs collector at Mackinac Island for the alleged infraction of the United States Customs law.

A resident of Montreal had the peculiar experience of being twice thrown out of his own window into the street by a drunken man who had honored him with a visit.

A wholesale liquor merchant in Kingston asserts that since the Scott Act came into force in Frontenac and Leeds and Grenville he sells twice as much liquor as he did previously.

The by-law providing for the issue of debentures to the extent of $300,000 for the Don river improvement scheme will be submitted to the ratepayers of Toronto on the 19th of September.

A public reception was recently tendered in Toronto to the Indian Chiefs Pakan, Samson and Jonas, who are at present in the city awaiting the opening of the Methodist General Conference.

Mr. William Cowan, the Government inspector sent to Essex county to endeavour to stamp out hog cholera, states that his efforts have been successful. The pest is now confined to two townships, and he hopes in a short time to effect its total extinction.

Andrew Sloan, a farmer of West Gwillimsbury, was found in his barn the other night with his skull fractured, and died shortly after. The hired man, Alfred Kelly, has been arrested. At the inquest the jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the accused.

A circus den containing four lions was capsized and wrecked in Kingston the other night, the fierce roaring of the frightened animals awaking the whole neighbourhood. The lions, however, made no attempt to escape, and after they were secured fifty men ineffectually attempted to extricate the cage, it being finally lifted on to the road by two elephants.

Several seizures have been made in Peterboro' for Scott Act fines. It is said that the hotel men will fight the cases in the courts, holding that the fines must be sued for in the Division Court, and collected as an ordinary debt, and that the Act does not give the Magistrate any authority to collect the fines by distress.

The funeral of Mr. Henry Dawsley Shaw, who died suddenly at Perth last week, was very largely attended. He was widely known and honored as an upright, genial, and hospitable gentleman. He was a son of the late Senator Shaw, of Smith's Falls, and married a daughter of the late Senator Matheson, of Perth.

The Dominion Government have begun the survey for the proposed subway between Prince Edward Island and the mainland. The Examiner says the schooner Cygnet left Picton with the sets of boring apparatus and a corps of experts, with buoys, anchors, etc., and that work will be prosecuted vigorously during the fine weather.

AMERICAN.

Six thousand cigarmakers at Havana have struck for higher wages, causing the closing of sixty-eight factories.

Three British schooners have been seized in Behring sea by the United States revenue cutter Corwin for alleged violation of the seal fishery laws.

Mr. John Dougall, editor of the New York *Witness*, and father of Mr. J. R. Dougall, of the Montreal *Witness*, died suddenly in Flushing, Long Island, aged 78.

Another big reduction in rates to and from Europe has been made by the Continental steamship lines in New York, the fare to London being now only $12.

Chinese residents in Chicago are excited over the result of a cockroach tournament just closed in that city. It was conducted by Celestial "sports" from San Francisco, and lasted three nights, the Chicagoans at the end being thoroughly cleaned out by their more knowing brethren from 'Frisco.

Smallpox is reported by the health officer of Detroit to be entirely stamped out for the present in that city, which will be safe if no new cases occur within ten days. Two suspected new cases, however, have since been reported. The total number of cases during the recent outbreak was eight, of which two proved fatal.

FOREIGN.

The Queen visited the Edinburgh Exhibition and was greeted with great enthusiasm.

The *Irish Times* reiterates the statement that Mr. Parnell will shortly become a Roman Catholic.

The Kurds are invading Persia, and the Persian Government has appealed to Turkey to stop the incursions.

The Dublin *United Ireland* reiterates the declaration that there will be war to the knife against Lord Salisbury.

The Indian Government is procuring transports in England, it is presumed to carry, reinforcements of troops to Burmah.

A rumor is current that China is hastening her military preparations and has ordered 200,000 rifles from English firms.

The news of the intended withdrawal of the British Afghan Commission has a depressing effect upon the European bourses.

Serious riots have occurred at Nagasaki, Japan, between Chinese and Japanese. Five Chinese were killed and one hundred wounded.

The Nationalists are annoyed because they are not represented on the Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the Belfast riots.

A peat slip is reported to have occurred at Port Stanley in the Fawkland Islands, on June 2, which caused loss of life and great destruction of property.

A large quantity of dynamite has been stolen from a mine at Handorf, near Hanover, and it is feared has been taken to England by Anarchists.

Lord Iddesleigh says the Canadian fishery question is at present the subject of diplomatic negotiations, and expresses the hope that the result may be favourable.

A Moscow paper says the more Russia is forced back from Eastern Europe, the more she will devote her attention to Asia where her task is far from completed.

The Porte has assured Prince Alexander that Turkey would assist Bulgaria if attacked by Servia. It is believed in diplomatic circles that the outbreak of another conflict is imminent.

The Magistrates of Belfast are in a quandary as to how to proceed in view of the verdict of wilful murder found against nine policemen for firing upon citizens during the recent riots.

The Czar has warned M. Paul Deroulde, the advocate of the French war of revenge, that any attempt on his part to agitate against Germany will be followed by his instant expulsion from Russia.

Marquis Tseng is reported to have declared that Corea is an inseparable part of China and that his Government is determined to resist any attempt on the part of a foreign power to seize that kingdom.

A case of horrible cruelty is reported from St Denis, France, where an imbecile woman was fastened to a stake and burned to death by her sons who failed to get her into a madhouse and resolved to free themselves from the burden of supporting her.

The London *Standard* says that in view of the programme of the moderates at the Chicago convention declaring for Irish independence, "peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must," England must realize clearly that the Home Rule conspiracy is a foreign conspiracy.

SOLID WATER GAS.

An Intensely Cold Temperature Secured by Artificial Means.

The other day while the thermometer was 97 degrees in the shade a snow-storm was in progress at Underwood Springs, Maine, which lasted five minutes. The snow did not actually come down from the sky, but was manufactured, and it was a perfect storm while the snow lasted. It was the result of some astonishing experiments performed by scientific men from Germany to test some machinery which is to be used in the bottling of water gas at the springs. Professor O. Brimler conducted the experiments, and said to the scientific gentlemen assembled :—

"I propose to show you something never tried outside of a laboratory, and then only as an experiment. I will take this water-gas and make it solid and of arctic properties, beside which ice will seem like fire. This is a discovery that will enable physicians to do wonderful things in the way of relieving pain."

Mr. Brimler then attached to the machinery used in the work of charging the water a thoroughly-made canvas bag, and gave the order to start the machinery. The bottling-room was intensely hot, but Mr Brimler was observed to button up his coat to the throat before starting up, and in a short time the temperature was seen to to be getting arctic. To the complete surprise of those present snow began to fall, in tiny flakes at first, but soon thick and fast, filling the room and escaping through the door in a thick cloud. The professor raised his hand, the machinery stopped, and the snow disappeared. Then Mr. Brimler took from the machinery, to which it had been attached, the canvas bag, now full and of considerable weight. A touch of the outside of the bag chilled the blood. The intense cold, the terrible chill it gave, was simply not to be described. Cutting open the bag, Mr. Brimler displayed a mass of beautiful white, apparently crystal ice, but by its side common ice melted as when exposed to fire.

Mr. Brimler exclaimed, as a gentleman reached out his hand to the mass, "Don't touch it, it will burn you." "That ice burn me? Absurd!" was the reply, but the professor insisted that it be let alone, except to give it the slightest touch. One unlucky individual was given too prolonged a touch on the back of the hand, and found that his hand was devoid of all feeling. The professor looked at it and said :—"That fixes it for four hours ; after that it will ache for forty-eight hours ; will blister and make trouble ; it touched it too hard." All of which followed. For four hours the hand was absolutely without feeling ; a needle inserted produced no pain, and yet the hand was not powerless. No blood followed the puncture. It is claimed that this gas will completely take the place of ether. No ill effects, except the possibility of blistering, follows its administration. The substance is a local anæsthetic, but it is claimed that its action is complete, and on the instant the member touched is completely numbed, the flow of blood arrested, and operations can be performed without suffering on the part of the patient or loss of any considerable amount of blood. A prominent physician here who has been experimenting with it believes that it will be in nearly every case a substitute for ether. Mr. Brimler says that all the discovery connected with this gas is the process by which it is taken from the German mineral springs.

Polson's Nerviline.

Hundreds who have experienced the wonderful power of Nerviline in subduing pain have testified that it is the most potent remedy in existence. Nerviline is equally efficacious as an internal or an external remedy. Polson's Nerviline cures flatulence, chills, spasms, cholera, cramps, headache, sea sickness, summer complaints, &c., &c. Nerviline is sold by all druggists and country dealers. Only 25 cents a bottle. Try it.

"Poor Snodhopper is dead," remarked Smith. "Yes," answered Brown, "he's dead." "Rich, he was," added Smith. "Yes, he was rich," said Brown in a subdued tone. "Leave you anything?" asked Smith. "Left me alive," replied Brown in a more cheerful tone.

Surviving Superstitions.

The many occasions where thirteen have dined together and no one of the number has died within the time prescribed (and how often does this not occur in inns and other public places, and no one gives the matter a thought !), these instances are of course completely ignored. A patient who may have consulted several physicians without experiencing relief, finally turns to one of the many patent-medicines in the papers. After a time he feels better ; perhaps the improvement is but temporary, as is so often the case in troubles of long standing, but then, oftentimes urged thereto by the proprietors of the wonderful medicine, he writes a letter of thanks, and anon the papers will herald the announcement, "Sure cure to all unfortunates by the famous cure-all, ——," and then comes some pompous name. Other patients think a great deal of the so called "sympathetic" cures. When the moon is on the wane they go to a graveyard, taking care to speak to no one on the way, or they throw barley-grains over their head backward into the water, meantime muttering some incantation. If the believers in these cures be questioned as to how they can place faith in such wondrous arts, they will refer to certain instances where such means have been successfully employed ; but of course they can trace absolutely no connection whatever between the remedy and its supposed effects.

Prophecies of a similar kind, that do not, however, exactly refer to natural phenomena, can only be mentioned here. Thus, a northern light or comet is said to be the forerunner of war. The relative position of certain stars at the birth of a child is, by the superstitious, said to bode good or evil. If a new piece of work be commenced while the moon is on the wane, or on a Friday, the undertaking is doomed to fail. The belief in good and evil omens has survived thousands of years, and has come down to the present day ; in fact, the influence which this belief has on the mind can only be shaken off by calm reasoning and self-training. Many other instances of superstition, still in vogue in our enlightened times, might really be given.

All of these are false conclusions derived in the same manner : *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* (after it, therefore because of it). A careful comparison of different cases is not undertaken, no close scrunity or investigation is attempted, no distinction made between essential and non-essential conditions.

China's Great Wall.

Of course we had to go to the great wall of China, says a Pekin correspondent. China abounds in great walls. Her mural defenses were most extensive—walled country, walled cities, walled palaces and temples—wall after wall and wall within wall. But the greatest of all is the great wall of China, which crests the mountain range and crosses the gorge from here so ne forty miles away.

Squeezing through the last deep gorge and a deep rift in solid rock, cut out by ages of rolling wheels and tramping feet, we reached the great frowning, double-bastioned gate of stone and hard-burned brick—one archway tumbled in. This was the object of our mission—the great wall of China, built 213 years before our era ; built of great slabs of well-hewn stone, laid in regular courses some twenty feet high, and then topped out with large hard-burned brick, filled in with earth, and closely paved on the top with more dark, tawny brick—the ramparts high and thick and castellated for use of arms. Right and left the great wall sprung far up the mountain side—now straight, now curved, to meet the mountain ridge, turreted each 300 feet—a frowning mass of masonry.

No need to tell you of this wall ; the books will tell you how it was built to keep the warlike Tartars out—twenty-five feet high by forty thick ; 1,200 miles long, with room on top for six horses to be ridden abreast. Nor need I tell you that for 1,400 years it kept those hordes at bay, nor that in the main the material used upon it is just as good, and firm, and strong as when put in place. Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic work, built on the rugged, craggy mountain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning wide streams, netting the river archways with huge, hard bars of copper ; with double gates, with swinging doors and bars set thick with iron armor—a wonder in the world, before which the old-time classic seven wonders, all gone now, (save the great pyramid) were toys. The great pyramid has 85,000,000 cubic feet, the great wall 6,350,000,000 cubic feet.

An engineer here some years ago gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labor at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick right straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years, without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labor the world has ever known.

Introduced His Two Wives to Each Other.

Over thirty-five years ago James Starns, a young farmer, his wife, and two little boys resided near Chattanooga. In 1854 Starns concluded to try his fortune in the West, and went to California. A month later, having found a pleasant settlement, he sent his wife money with which to join him. Mrs. Starns wrote that she would start in two months, but at the end of that time she had received no reply. Starns wrote letter after letter to his wife and relatives, and she wrote to him, but neither ever received a word from the other. Ten years afterward Starns sent his wife $500 but the money went back to him, as no one called for it. By this time both husband and wife supposed each other dead. Mr. Starns went to Michigan and thence to Wisconsin, where six years ago he married the daughter of a wealthy farmer. He came to Chattanooga last week, and yesterday he learned that a family named Starns resided near the city. He and his wife visited the family, and Starns was horrified to find that the white-haired lady who received him was no other than his first wife. An explanation followed, and the two wives were introduced, but they exhibited a marked coolness toward each other. All refuse to talk, and it is not known what they will do.

Ex-Gov. Thompson, of South Carolina, when first nominated received a message from an insane friend, saying : "Every one in the lunatic asylum is delighted at your nomination."

A BACHELOR'S ADVENTURES—MARRIAGE and Its Results ; 14 vivid illustrations ; Secrets for Men and Women, 50c ; Adventures of a Bashful Man, 25c ; Catalogue and agents' terms, 2c. "THE GLOBE CO.," PAULSBORO, N. J., U. S. A.

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Guelph, August, 1886.

Please mention the paper in which you saw this advt

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The Tribune.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1886.

CONSECON.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Mr. H. Garretsee came home last week very sick.

Mr. Robert Clarke bought James Scott sail-boat.

Mr. Jas. Scott, telegraph operator in this village, went to Ottawa last week.

Mr. Jos. Pierson will soon have his storehouse ready for taking in grain.

Last Sunday the town seemed deserted, nearly every one was to camp meeting.

BETHEL.

From Our Own Correspondent.

A beautiful rain on Monday which was very much needed.

Mr. Austin Osborne lost a fine cow last week, the only one he had; it appears she got in the orchard and ate too many apples.

Mr. N. Wood and Mr. P. Vanmeer commenced picking hops this week. The other growers have not begun yet; in fact the others have very little to pick and some yards none. It will be a big loss to both growers and pickers.

FOURTH CONCESSION, TYENDINAGA

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Wellington Tripp thrashed for John Skelly one thousand bushels of barley on Thursday last. He set up the machine that morning, had a strong head wind half of the day, went half a mile for the water and dipped it out of the well with a pail, ate supper at five o'clock, and at sundown had only the floor to clean up, and did it all without shifting the machine. Who can beat that? The barley is a fine sample weighing fifty pounds to the bushel; nine hundred of it being No. 1, the balance being only slightly coloured. If Mr. R. Baker or Mr. E. McGurn take THE TRIBUNE, they will see that Mr. Skelly is open for an offer from either or both of them.

MILLTOWN.

From Our Own Correspondent

Hop-picking has begun in this vicinity.

Mr. James Reid has changed his place of residence to Eastern Milltown.

The Milltown sunflower, unlike its native place, continues to grow. It has reached a circumference of 40 inches, and still its motto is "Excelsior." It might be well for California to begin the cultivation of something to which her climate is better adapted than it is to the sunflower, if she would keep her laurels as the garden of the world.

Additions to the school in the junior department.

Ducks, beware! There's a new boat here.

MARYSVILLE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Miss. M. A. Lyman, who has been spending her holidays in Kingston and among the Thousand Islands returned home last week.

Mr. W. I. J. K. Bellamy and wife are spending their holidays north of Prescott.

Mr. J. Kennedy is acting as switchman at the station during Mr. Bellamy's absence. Joe says he does not wish to run foul of another car of coal this summer.

Mrs. Stapleton and children are visiting relatives in Oshawa and Harwood.

An enterprising tramp who had been employed by Mr. Alexander, complained of being ill and after lying around the house long enough to find out where the loose change was kept stole thirty dollars and decamped.

LONSDALE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

We had uncommonly warm weather last week; we noticed the thermometer registered 92° in the shade on the north side of the house on Saurday, it being higher than we have seen this season. The weather being so warm and dry perhaps is the cause of some sickness here. We had a small shower on Monday and heavy rainfall to the southeast, causing the air to be much cooler in the evening, giving us a chance to again emerge from our seclusion and breath the pure fresh air which was much enjoyed by all.

Mr. Foster, millwright, was taken very suddenly unwell a few nights ago. The Doctor being called he was soon some better and left next day for his home in Belleville.

Mrs. Asa Abbott was very sick last week, being caused, it is thought, by the worry and excitement attending the sickness and death of her father, Mr. Doolittle, of Ameliasburgh. Mr. Abbott was also taken very suddenly bad, and both were in a critical position at the same time. They both have the careful attention of their mothers, and the experienced and skill of our physician and are mending finely. Mr. A. being able to leave his room at time of writing.

Miss Ellen Doxsee, sister of John Doxsee, of this place, and her neice Miss Nellie Doxsee, of Syracuse, also Miss Bessie Doxsee, of Trenton, made a flying visit at Mr. John Doxsee's, Rock-street, last week.

Misses Adda and Carrie Lazier, daughters of Mr. Nicholas Lazier, of Picton, were visiting at their uncle, Mr. A. Lazier, Esq., last week.

Good times for threshers, we hear the sound of the steam whistle in all directions. The threshers report a large yield of grain of very good quality, but little straw, and it is a very large barn that they do not empty in one day, making the business pay them well. The farmers have their threshing done up quickly and ready for market, giving them a better opportunity for ploughing and other work than usual.

Mr. McRae with his men are again working on the side-road west of this village of which there has been so much said about in print as being in such a bad state, and no doubt in a few days there will be no cause of complaint, as Mr. McRae does his jobs on the roads to the satisfaction of all.

Townsend's exhibitions at Cameron's hall on Saturday and Nonday evenings should attract full houses. Gorgeous views and thrilling scenes.

SHANNONVILLE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Dr. D. W. Houston, of Cohoes, N. Y, is visiting friends in this place

Mr. C. S. Vanluven, of Battersea, was in the village on Tuesday last *en route* for Stirling.

The excursion to Glenora which took place on Thursday last under the auspices of the L. O. Lodge was a decided success being very largely attended.

Mr. Laidly, of Marysville, was in town on Thursday and we believe took in the excursion.

We feel sure that our school will now prosper under the management of our new teachers Mr. J. Parker, of Campbellford, and Miss B. Hicks, of Bowmanville, as assistant.

We regret to learn that Mr. T. F. Morden intends removing to Bloomfield, P. E. county. He will be very much missed here as he has rendered great assistance in the Sabbath school and young people's prayer-meeting of which he was leader.

Mr. Herb Laroy has been re-engaged as clerk at Mr. D. McLennan's general store.

We learn that A. S. sports a fine gold watch, we hope it will not share the fate of his office chair.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Great damage has been caused by cyclones in Cuba and Jamaica.

Michael Davitt has accepted an invitation to visit Montreal.

All Mexicans have been expelled from McCullough county, Texas.

Depression in the Irish cattle trade has lessened the value of stock £20,000,000.

The last lot of Mr. Andrew Allan's quarantined cattle was slaughtered on Saturday.

Montreal defeated Toronto in the lacrosse match on Saturday, by three straight games.

Thirty thousand dollars have been stolen from the Adams Express Co.'s office at Philadelphia.

A number of new hands at the Belt-street car line, New York, have been savagely beaten by strikers.

Another American schooner has been seized at Port Mulgrave and released on a deposit of $400 being made.

The Knights of Labor demand that the wages of all stationary employees of the N. Y. Central Ry. be increased.

The dispute between France and the Vatican is in a fair way of settlement, the Pope having made important concessions.

Montreal's winter carnival will open on Feb. 7th.

Outrages by moonlighters are reported from Castle Island, Kerry.

The harvest in New South Wales is expected to be the best since 1870.

Mgr. Fabre, of Montreal, has issued a mandement against Sunday political meetings.

A fatal colliery accident; by which nine lives were lost, has occurred at Scranton, Pa.

A number of Belfast rioters have been sentenced to terms varying from two to nineteen months.

Chicago Anarchists declare that the execution of their condemned brethren will be avenged.

British troops are to be sent to Burmah to subjugate the country as soon as cold weather sets in.

An Anarchist system of incendiarism, for the purpose of defrauding insurance companies, has been brought to light in New York.

Of the 9,000 square miles of disputed territory, the Afghan Commission have awarded 7,000 to Russia and 2,000 to Afghanistan,

Michigan Knights of Labor are moving for the abolition of the lumber and salt duties. This question will be made the issue at the coming Congressional campaign in that State.

During the Belfast riots 322 policemen were injured.

Trouble is again looming up between France and Madagascar.

The Anglican Synod of the ecclesiastical Province of Canada will open in Montreal next Wednesday.

It is reported that the Dominion Government is asking for tenders for a large amount of sterling exchange.

At a meeting of forty Gladstonian M. P.'s on Tuesday it was unanimously resolved to favor an aggressive policy.

The Killarney branch of the League has notified Gen. Buller that it will assist him in putting down violence, but not in doing bailiff's work.

Belle Plain, Iowa, is excited over an immense natural fountain, an outburst from an artesian well, which is threatening the town with destruction.

Prof. Townsends lectures and illustrations are of the deepest interest and most splendid brilliancy.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

The stmr. Gipsy will carry an excursion from Napanee, Deseronto and other ports to the camp-meeting ground at Twelve O'clock Point above Trenton. This will enable excursionists to visit the Murray Canal now opened from lake Ontario to the Bay of Quinte, and also to share in the closing services of the Campmeeting. As the excursion is under the direction of the Rev. D. O. Crossley, there is every reason to believe it will be pleasant and successful. Tickets from Deseronto and return 40 cts; Northport 35 cts. Remember the date, Tuesday 7th, inst. at 9 o'clock.

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No such offer will present itself again this season —TEN PER CENT OFF OUR CLOSE QUOTATIONS—makes our goods CHEAPER than can be procured in the retail trade.

A second quotation is never made. And our store is the only business house where the full benefit of a discount sale can be realized.

G. E. FRASER,

August, 14th, 1886. Deseronto and Picton.

COMMUNICATIONS.

HIRED HELPS

To the Editor of the Tribune.

I've heard a heep lately about hired helps, and how scarce they be, and folks appear to be surprised about it, but, for the life of me, I don't see nuthin' in it to wonder at. In the first place, helps—the best of 'em—don't hev too easy a time of it. Their wages are small as a general thing, and folks—the most of them—act as though they couldn't git work enough for their money. Some folks gits on a good deal about girls goin' out as helps bein' better fur their health, and more respectable like than goin' out as sewin' girls. Well now, take fur instance a sewin' girl and a help, and see the difference in their lives. The sewin' girl don't, as a general thing, hev to git to her work before 8 o'clock in the mornin', while the help is considered lazy if she ain't at work by 6. The sewin' girl sets down and eats her meals in peace, while the help hes to snatch her meals when she can, put up with cold vittals, and jump up half a dozen times durin' the meal to wait on the young'uns or their mother. The sewin' girl hes her evenings to herself to go where she likes or rest, but work is hunted up for the help to do as soon as her tea dishes is cleared away, fur fear she might hev an hour to herself and so git sassy.

The sewin' girl hes her Sundays to herself, while a woman thinks she's doin' a mighty generous thing if she lets her help off fur a few hours every other Sunday. The sewin' girl knows that the more she works the more pay she'll git, while the help knows that no matter how hard she works she won't git any more pay for it,—not even in the shape of thanks.

Now, is it any wonder that girls goes out to sewin' before service? even if it ain't so good fur their health. When wimmen larn how to treat their helps better there'll be more of 'em and better ones too. Let a help hev her reg'lar hours to work in, and give her decent time to eat her meals in; it'll pay let me tell you. Let the young 'uns be larned to speak to her proper when they want any thing, and notorder her about as if she was their slave. In my opinion young 'uns ort to be as polite to their help as they are to their betters,—that is, if they're raised up right. Some folks appears to think its real smart to order their helps about like old boots and let their young 'uns do the same. I can tell 'em they're makin' a mighty big mistake, and it sarves 'em right if they hev a heep of trouble to git a help to stay with 'em. It don't hurt any young 'un, boy or girl, to wait on themselves, and if they was all larned to do this, there would be no need of so many hired helps.

There's a good many things girls should do besides playing on the pianny; and a good many things boys should do besides dressin up in stripped pants and ridin' one of them are two wheeled things and playin' cricket. Parents make a big mistake if they don't see that their children is larned what 'll be of use to 'em when they grow up to be man and wimmen. Jinks says it isn't none of my biz'ness how folks raises their young 'uns, and says I had'nt ort to write about such things. But I say, if we see folks goin' the wrong way in this world, its our dooty to set 'em right—if we can. And I often think Jinkses mother did'nt do much to speak of when she raised Jinks the way she did. Appears to me, if I'd been her, I could hev made a better job of it, and turned him out a little better able to wait on himself. As it is I've did my best with him, but its hard to turn a man when he's old and set in his ways.

Well, I guess I've said enough on the subject this time, and will conclude by sayin' that if folks would treat their helps a leetle more like human critters, they'd git them easier, and if they'd larn to wait on themselves, they would't feel it so much if help *was* scarce. JERUSHA JINKS

Wonderful is the effect of West's World's Wonder or family Liniment in Rheumatism, Sprains Cuts Bruises, Burns, Scalds and all diseases requiring external application. It stands without a rival. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Sold by W. G. Egar.

3-24 1-m

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LOCAL TRAIN.—For the benefit of the Travelling Public and to afford accommodation to the people of Deseronto, a mixed train leaves the R. R. Depot every morning at 7:45 for Kingston. Parties can go to Kingston or Napanee and back same day having eight hours in Napanee and four in Kingston. Low rates of fare. Kingston and return, $2.20. Napanee and return, 50 cents.

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DISTRICT.

Squirrels are unusually thick this year.

Typhoid fever in its worst form has broken out in some sections of Ameliasburg.

Madoc sighs for a civic holiday to give its citizens a rest from the rush of ceaseless traffic.

A Frankford merchant has seen the great sea-serpent in a little lake in that vicinity. No Scott Act in Frankford.

The Church of England mission at Madoc has been divided, Queensboro' being the headquarters of a new mission.

Mr. Boulter, of the Picton canning factory, with accustomed enterprise and energy, has resumed work in his new factory.

Black diphtheria has been raging in Athol for several weeks and a large number of deaths have occurred. In many houses every member of the family has been stricken down.

Colborne's rate of taxation is fifteen mills on the dollar, or two mills more than last year.

The Gananoque Carriage Company intend erecting a large three story building for their increasing business.

John Keyes, of South Marysburgh, had his barn and its contents destroyed by fire lately. Loss $1,200.

Kingston Salvation Army will erect fine new barracks on the sight of the old one destroyed by fire a few weeks ago.

Campbellford will have a new high school.

Tenders are called for dredging operations at Belleville. A channel 250 ft. wide and 10 ft. in depth is to be cut on the west side of the harbor.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to burn down A. Robertson's elevator at Trenton.

Mr. L. E. Percy, Switzerville, received serious injuries lately while working a hay fork.

Seven car-loads of cattle were recently shipped from Centerville for the English market. They cost five cents per lb. live weight.

A correspondent of the Napanee *Standard* writing from Arden states that times are good, the Rathbun Company spending much money there. The village wants a good wagon-maker, shoemaker and tailor.

A thousand boxes of August cheese were sold at Brockville last Saturday at 9½ cents a pound.

The great camp meeting at Twelve O'clock Point caused an unusual amount of Sabbath desecration last Sunday.

The C. P. R. branch from Smith's Falls to Montreal will be completed this season.

On Monday next the Grand Trunk train dispatchers will leave Kingston for Belleville.

Bishop Hamilton, of the diocese of Niagara, will hold confirmation and transact other business in connection with this diocese in the absence of Bishop Lewis.

Mr. Brickman, the well known stockman of Prince Edward County, shipped a car load of eight Percheron horses to Chicago the other day.

Three loyal Indian Chiefs from the Northwest have visited all the towns of this district except Deseronto. Deseronto would ten times as soon see Big Bear and other rebel Indians who had the courage to strike for more pork and flour.

The first cut through on the Murray canal was made on August 25th, when a sail boat passed through.

Some valuable horses belonging to Mr. Samuel Miller, of Ernestown, were recently killed by a passing Grand Trunk train.

Tramps abound and farmers are loading their shotguns in all directions.

Albert Jeffery, of Bridgewater, was tried before Judge Lazier for stealing a yoke of oxen and sentenced to one years imprisonment.

Kingston is altogether given up to the baseball craze.

Large quantities of iron ore are being shipped from Kingston to Cleveland.

Belleville's vital statistics for August are,—births, 23; marriages, 15; deaths, 15.

SUMMER HOTEL.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me through your columns to suggest to the people of Deseronto the desirability of establishing a summer hotel in this village. Deseronto is particularly well located for such an hotel being beautifully situated on the bay within easy access of all points. Steamers leave every hour for different towns, villages and numerous resorts which are to be found all along the shores of the Bay of Quinte. Good fishing is to be found at our doors, and, in fine, there is everything to attract the tourist in this direction. If the people of the town would therefore unite and each put in a little capital, an attractive summer hotel could easily be built. By making it so that that families could have every convenience at moderate prices I am certain it could be made to pay and at the same time be the means of putting a great deal of money in circulation. There are many beautiful locations to be obtained and all that is required is a push on the part of our people

PROGRESS.

Readings, recitations, and first-class music this evening, Tickets 25 cents.

BIRTHS.

McGAUGHEY:—At Deseronto, on the 29th of August, the wife of Mr. A. H. McGaughey, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

PATTERSON—WARTMAN:—By the Rev. D. O. Crossley, Pastor of the Methodist Church, on Sept. 1st, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. A. E. Patterson, of Chicago, to Miss Gertrude Wartman, of Deseronto.

Splendid singing this evening at the Concert in the White Church.

Subscriptions to the Daily and Weekly *Mail* received at THE TRIBUNE office.

Prof. Townsend's marvellous exhibition of superb illustrations on Saturday and Monday evenings, Sept. 4 and 16th.

Colds, Coughs,

Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping Cough, are rapidly cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "For children afflicted with Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, or Croup, I do not know of any remedy which will give more speedy relief than

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Or Inflammation of the Lungs, may, if properly treated, be relieved and cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "I contracted a severe cold, which developed rapidly into Pneumonia. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I have found it, also, invaluable in cases of Whooping Cough."—Ann Lovejoy, 1251 Wash'n st., Boston, Mass. and I do not hesitate to say that the prompt use of this remedy saved my life." —R. A. Semmes, Laredo, Texas.

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Our "English" Wood Oil—Something new—Finest in the Market. Our Cylinder Oil—600 fire test—much superior to Tallow.

GIVE OUR TRAVELLER A TRIAL ORDER.

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DEATHS.

DAVIS.—In Adolphustown, on Sunday, Aug. 22nd, Archibald C. Davis, aged 64 years and 9 months.

McCABE.—In North Fredericksburgh, on Wednesday, August 25th, Elias McCabe, aged 69 years and 3 months.

McCOY.—In Napanee, on Tuesday, August 24th, Robert B. infant son of Mr. John McCoy.

WILLIAMSON.—In Richmond, Monday, Aug. 23rd, Lizzie, daughter of Mr. Thomas Williamson, aged 17 years.

WALKER:—At Glastonbury, on Monday, Aug. 30th, Norman Walker, aged 35 years,

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Opposite O'Connor House, Deseronto

Having sorted up my stock in every line, I am determined to clear it out during the fall at wholesale prices, which means a discount of 15 per cent, or less than the cheapest dealers sell at elsewhere. They have to live of their business while I give the public the benefit of my services in profits gratis. I take this opportunity to thank the public for the liberal patronage extended to me during the past ten years while I have been in business in this town, and ask that you still continue to support your old townsman while he endeavours to serve you.

Slippers 25 Cents, Ladies Buttoned Boots 90 Cents.

Custom work and repairs done as usual. Special attention paid to making Gent's fine sewed work.

T. N. CARTER,

Deseronto, Aug. 13th 1886. 4 ins

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Forget that the Boots and Shoes on sale at—THE BIG STORE— are purchased from Manufacturers who give the greatest care as to detail and workmanship, and who use only the best materials; the result is a stock which cannot be excelled here or elsewhere for quality, fit and finish.

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Don't

Forget that THE BIG STORE is the Cheapest place to buy Staple Dry Goods such as Shirtings, Tickings. Denims, Grey and White Cotton, etc.

Don't

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THE BIG STORE.

A. A. RICHARDSON,

Deseronto, June 18th, 1886. MANAGER.

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JACK'S QUEEN;

OR,

Light at Last.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

"Dear heart and true! I would not have him, of all men living know that I was too cowardly to face my fate."

"I will not tell him; but he will be your friend—"

"My friend! He is my worst enemy—no, I did not mean it. Don't kneel there. I should kneel to you, if I were worthy. Oh, my Vera, can even your fidelity bear with one so despicable, so vile as I?"

I do not answer him, for I cannot. We stand looking at each other, he trembling from head to foot.

"Was I worth this?" he says. "Did you dare come to me?"

"Lord Rydall is with me," I answer "He would not let me come alone."

"I thank him for that, and sincerely. Is he here?"

And Jack leaves the room in search of Lord Rydall, and I lift up that horrible weapon and thrust it away out of sight. In this lonely, silent room, with no evidences of love or care or happiness, the only place that he can call by the sweet name of home!

He comes in with Garry, quiet and subdued, and gives me his hand as he says good night.

"You will come soon to see me, won't you?" I ask with anxiety and he answers that he will.

Then Lord Rydall goes away, and I inquire about Mrs. Wylder. Garry tells me that he has given the servant orders not to admit her, if she does come, the probability of which he doubts, and adds that he will see her to-morrow before Jack can, and do something that will prevent the recurrence of such visits.

He goes home with me, and there Percy looks at my white face with surprise. Lord Rydall is too thoroughbred to question me about my interview with Jack; and he has asked me during our homeward drive to leave explanations to him, which I am by no means unwilling to do.

The explanation is brief enough, for it is not a subject on which Garry cares to dwell; but it brings a slight contraction on Percy's clear brow. However he does not question me, for which I am grateful; we tacitly ignore the skeleton. I suppose I owe this to Lord Rydall's consideration; instinct tells me that Percy shrinks from the subject, as infinitely painful to his exalted refinement, and I go away to my room, there to pray for him who is struggling in the dark and stormy waters of temptation.

It may be the effect of the excitement and agitation, but, whatever the cause, I am, for a few days, ill, and unable to receive anyone. Jack calls, and, of course is not admitted, though, when I hear of that, I am annoyed.

A week later he calls again, to find me nursing Tip and reading *White Heather*.

"You have been ill," he says; "You look pale; shall I confess that I thought Sir Percy had closed his door against me, and that this was my last attempt?"

"Did you doubt me then?" I ask sorrowfully.

"No; never, Vera! But you are not responsible for others' actions."

Further questions are prevented by the entrance of Constance, whom I have been expecting ter the last two days; she greets me affectionately, and to Jack gives the most distant bow.

"I did not expect to meet Major Wylder," she says coldly; and then I inquire hastily after Lord Rydall.

"He is not very well," she replies with a sigh and a weary expression in her eyes. "His has so much to attend to; and public and private annoyances also."

"I hope," says Jack, who stands in his favorite attitude by the mantelpiece, "that Lord Rydall will have no further cause to number among his public or private annoyances his wife's brother."

"It is like you to taunt me with a relationship I cannot dissolve," she replies and directly the words are spoken I can see that she regrets them.

"It is the last time I shall do so, Lady Rydell," says Jack slowly and quietly, so quietly that I knew the wound is very deep. "I shall not annoy you again."

"I don't understand you, Jack."

"Don't you? Then I will make my meaning clear. I will never address you as my sister, nor will I enter your house again! Is that plain English?"

"You spare me the pain of forbidding you to do so," she replies: and Jack, who has walked to the door, opens it and smiles at me.

"*Au revoir*, Vera. I need not remain now to make scenes," he says; and then goes quietly away.

"Constance, Constance, you are very hard!" I exclaim.

"Hard, Vera! I can't understand you! Do you think it possible for me to submit to scenes such as we had the other evening?"

"No; but Jack is not to blame."

"But Jack was and is. If I had only myself to consider it would be different; but I must remember that Lord Rydall is Lord Rydall, that his honour and dignity are to a great extent in my keeping, and that in marrying me, he did not marry my brother, who is simply a disgrace."

I feel too weary to argue the point. Oh, dear Idlehurst days, with your little pleasures your tiny adventures, into what remote ages have you receded!

So Lady Rydall no more receives her brother, over which fact his enemies rejoice and say that she has done well and wisely. Probably they wonder that I do not follow her example; but I will not.

"I suppose Lady Rydall and Major Wylder are at variance," says Percy to me, "as he does not go there."

"Yes, there is a coldness between them," I admit.

"We shall return to Lochdhui soon," he says musingly, at which I am not at all elated; I am content here; but he cannot read my thoughts, and no doubt is singing to himself, "My Heart's in the Highlands," as I dare say it is, for dearer than all things is his native land—dearer even than that

"Fame whose loud wings fan the ashen Fast
To signal-fires, Oblivion's flight to scare;"

but I, thinking of the long loneliness I felt at Lochdhui, I feel only depressed by the thought of it.

He, with the pen firmly held in those slight nervous fingers, gazes far away from me to Edens whence I am barred by some fiery sword, held by a stern angel whose name I have not guessed.

Sometimes my thoughts dwell involuntarily on that by-gone night when I found Jack in his lonely home; but I never forget that I have solemnly promised not to reveal what passed.

CHAPTER XII.

We are at Lady Yorkminster's musical *soirie*, which is to be extra good, a nephew of her ladyship's having arrived recently and he is said to possess a divine tenor voice. Cecil Hawden tells us that he won praise from the "music mad maniac at Munich," and is an opera in himself. Externally he is a tall youth, with tousled hair and long white hands; but I suddenly behold a narrow, well shaped head, with trim hair parted down the centre, a smooth face with delicate features, and remember that I have not seen Captain Dallas since he walked out of my drawing room mysteriously angry.

Seeing me, he bows, and gives a smile that shows me the unpleasant incident is forgotten; and then we listen in dead silence to a delightful rendering of Schubert's "Through the night." When the final notes have died away, Captain Dallas comes to me as I stand beside my husband.

"I don't need to ask if you are well, Lady Glencairn," he says. "You look so, much better than you did when last I saw you."

"Do I really?" I begin, and he goes on rapidly—

"Yes, really—not so tired and pale. By-the-way, our common friend Major Wylder has returned."

"Yes, he has. I suppose you have seen him?"

"No, not yet. I must hunt up poor old Jack one of these days, though," he answers, and then begins talking to Percy in the slow tones that jar upon my ear. I never admire drawling, and a fault is much worse when committed by a person we do not like.

"Captain Dallas's friendship must be rather of the negligent order," Percy remarks to me afterwards; "he has been in town some time, and has not sought our Major Wylder."

"Jack will bear it," I answer, laughing.

Their meeting takes place in my drawing-room, where Percy and I have been discussing the latest review on his poems. Jack arrives first, with his usual jaded air, and then Dallas, who greets him very cordially, as thus—

"Hallo, Wylder! Why, it's an age since I've seen you!"

"Some months," responds Jack, who is far less cordial.

"Ages, my dear fellow—ages! Why, when was it that I saw you? Not since Idlehurst times, I'm sure! Was it that night in the theatre when you wouldn't introduce me to your cousin, or when you drove to—"

"It doesn't much matter where or how or when," replies Jack; "if you had seen me flying up in the air, it wouldn't diminish the ages that have gone by since."

"Very true. Ah, there's no place under the sun like Idlehurst!"

"Your opinion has changed a good deal," returns Jack calmly; "when we were there, you used to declare that you thought it the abode of boredom."

"The way of the world, dear boy. The farther a thing is removed from our reach the dearer it becomes. Am I not right, Lady Glencairn?"

"It would take experience to test your doctrine properly," I return, a little puzzled by the expression not only in Jack's eyes, but in my husband's; "we don't consider Idlehurst very far removed."

"Yet, as your favourite poet says, 'how far away the nights that shall be from the days that were!'"

"Sir Percy, will you talk about the alarming rise in the price of coals or the inferior quality of currants, just to relieve me?" says Jack. "That kind of thing would suit you as well as the other kind suits Dallas."

But Captain Dallas will hover about Idlehurst, until Jack goes, to keep an appointment with Colonel Sabretasche; and then his friend sighs, and observes—

"Poor old Jack! He looks awfully cut up about something."

"He came home on sick-leave," I explain.

"Did he indeed?" says Dallas, opening his eyes. "Well, really, I shouldn't have thought it?" Splendid climate where he was—first-class for an invalid, in fact, which London is not. Poor old Jack! Tip has deserted you, I see."

"A case of divided homage," I reply, laughing. "One day he favours me, the next day his old master."

"An excellent arrangement for Tip," says Dallas, "and a good thing that neither of you is jealous. A case of divided homage, you said," he goes on thoughtfully, "I wonder if such a state of mind could be possible in a human being?"

"We should call it being in love with two people at one time," observes Percy. "I have heard of such a thing; but I don't believe in it."

"Nor I," agrees Dallas; "one or other must have the lion's share."

Further discussion is prevented by the entrance of Miss Lamarche and the Rydalls, *en route* from a bazaar which his lordship has opened; and Edith, after an indifferent greeting to Dallas, tells me that life will not be worth living unless we have *tableaux vivants*, and that Lady Rydall has promised to greatly her.

"And I am getting up pictures," she says, "and asking everybody to suggest something new, not the stale attitudes in which every one has posed. Mr. Hawden suggested 'Young Lochinvar,' with Mr. Baring as hero, myself as fair Ellen, and Captain Dallas as the bridegroom, the Prescott girls for the maids, and my aunt and uncle as the parents. That is our first picture, and should be effective. You won't refuse, Captain Dallas?"

"No," he replies; "I will 'dangle my bonnet and plume' if you wish. Have you Sir Percy in your pictures at all?"

"Why, certainly! As the King in the Vigil of Robert the Bruce, from the *Lord of the Isles*, you know."

"And I shall be patient Griselda," says Constance.

"And I shall be Socrates," says Lord Rydall, "if you, my dear, will pose as Xantippe."

"There's an insurmountable obstacle to that group," says Constance: "we must appear as like our prototypes as possible, and you couldn't even look like a wise man."

"Don't omit Jack Wylder," Captain Dallas strikes in; "he's splendid at that kind of thing. Here's a suggestion, Miss Lamarche—a tableau from the *The Corsair*. Jack would do admirably for Conrad, and as for Gulnare—oh, Lady Glencairn, you would look charming! The prison-scene, you know. The lines are splendid. 'My love stern Seyd's!'"

"Never mind quotations," says Edith, interposing, "and we all know the lines by heart."

"Ah, they are splendid!" says Dallas, continuing—

"'I am a slave, a favoured slave at best
To share his splendour and seem very blest.'

Or Kaled and Lara—the battle-scene—Lara's death. What do you think, Lady Glencairn?"

"And if we wound up with the shipwreck scene from *Don Juan*, with Tip, as the Don's spaniel, it would be just as pleasant and cheerful. No dismals, if you please! My next is from *King Lear*, with you as Edmund and Sir Percy as Edgar. Those lines are splendid—

"'Draw thy sword
That, if my speech offered a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine. . .
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart thou art a traitor,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince!"

Captain Dallas reddens as though he thought Edith actually meant the words for him, and gives her one of his unanimable glares. However, they go on quoting and suggesting until I am bewildered, and Lord Rydall asks me about something else; through our discourse faint echoes of the poets come from Edith and Dallas; but there is only one which lingers in my ear, perhaps because the young officer so enthusiastically quotes it.

"Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!"

It is only after our visitors have gone that I remember some ardent critic alluded to the young Laird of Glencairn as "Proud bird of the mountain."

. . . . . .

"Of course you are going to the General's ball," says Edith to me, as we sit together over a friendly cup of tea in her aunt's drawing-room. "The General," I may mention, is an old campaigner who lost his arm for his country's good, married for the reason, and has a fine house and grounds Richmond way.

"I think so. The Rydalls are, I know."

"And most of the officers in town have invites, including Dallas and Major Wylder. Its enough for General Mars if a man wears Her Majesty's uniform. No doubt he believes that 'if not too old, an English sovereign's worth its weight in gold.' In any case, he has not looked over your cousin's head, and that good-natured wretch Cecil Hawden has promised me to bring the Major, *bon, gre, mal gree*."

"I am very glad," I reply, "for Jack's sake."

"So am I. There's no use saying one thing and meaning another, and I believe Major Wylder has no friend in Dallas. And I know he will gnash his teeth if your cousin is at this ball; he has a way of sighing and looking unutterable things that drive the absent one more harm than an honest outspoken charge. Of course Mr. Baring is among the invited, thanks to my bright influence."

"I am sure, Edith, that Mr. Baring thinks you are in earnest," I say, rather reproachfully.

"So does aunt Chester; and that is just the fun of it. She threatens to forold Walter the house, which is not the wisest plan to take with me. You see," she adds, with a slight yawn, "I'm not an heiress in my own right, and I should be discarded if I married the briefless one. Mamma would prefer my taking a tall curate down at home whom she regards as a saint; but I 'smile at the claims of long Dissent.'"

"I am very sorry for Walter Baring," I return.

"So am I, dear. Do you think you could induce Sir Percy to entangle himself in a long and expensive law-suit for the benefit of a struggling barrister? We had a quarrel the other day," she goes on thoughtfully "After some rather nice sentimental scenes I observed that I thought Lord Squander was intending to offer me his coronet, and that I thought nature meant me to be a Countess."

"What did Mr. Baring say?" I ask.

"Oh, as novels express it, he drew himself up to his full height and bade me good-morning! And ever since he has treated me with reserved respect."

"He rises in my estimation for it," I exclaim.

"And in mine," replies Edith, turning her bright dark eyes on me; "his stature is—just as high as my heart."

And as Mrs. Chester swept majestically in she rapidly turns the conversation.

I am very glad that Jack is invited to the ball, and I think that Lord Rydall will be glad too; about Constance I am less sure. I understand now what I must have cost Jack to ask any favour from her, yet for my own sake he did so.

General Mars never does thing by halves; and on his festival-night his grounds are transformed into *Arabian Nights'* regions, through which steals the music of an especially excellent band appropriately playing "*Brise des Nuits*."

My programme has gone through Percy's hands, and Lord Rydall's and Mr. Hawden's before Jack makes his appearance, to ask me if I have kept a dance for him; and, as he is putting his initials on the card, Captain Dallas steps up smiling.

"Is it you, Wylder?" he asks with a touch of surprise. "Well, really so it is! Didn't expect to meet you."

"Very wonderful that I should be here?" says Jack.

"No, not at all, in one sense," returns Dallas.

"And may I ask why you did not expect to meet me?" asks Jack, raising his head.

"You may but I needn't reply. Don't give Wylder all your dances Lady Glencairn; surely I may have one?"

But my programme is filled; and then Dallas asks Jack to give up a waltz, which Jack declines to do.

"Your claim comes rather late," he says carelessly. "Do you think Miss Lamarche will spare me a dance, Vera?"

"Ask her," I reply, as Dallas walks away with a bow, and he secures the only vacant space on Edith's programme.

"You must have made it up with Mr. Baring," I observe on seeing his name figuring largely thereon.

"Yes dear. I sent him a note saying I should not enjoy myself to-night if he stayed away, only I didn't put it quite so plainly."

"May I have the second value, Miss Lamarche?" asks Captain Dallas, again bearing down upon us.

"I am engaged to Mr. Baring, as it happens," she answers; "perhaps—"

"But Mr. Baring does not waltz," he interrupts.

"Thank you for the information. I intend to sit it out with him."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" says Dallas, with a quick angry flush that is too often on his face. And then he goes on after an impatient beating of the ground with his foot—

"I think you ladies are in a conspiracy against me to-night. This is the third refusal I have met with."

"But all the gentlemen don't leave their requests until the last moment," replies Edith, as his forced laugh dies away; and then up comes Cecil Hawden in his usual boisterous mood.

Dallas, dear boy, you look as though you were at your own funeral," he says. "What's the matter? Why these weeps? Miss Lamarche this dance is mine."

And at the same time Garry claims me; so poor Dallas is left alone. He makes for Baring, and I am afraid does not get on very well; for, as we pass the corner where they stand the second time, the young barrister is turning on his heel and Dallas looks spiteful. I am really afraid he has been saying something malicious about Edith.

"You are interested in Mr. Baring, Vera, I think," Garry remarks to me.

"I am for a certain reason."

"Then it will please you to hear that there is a brighter prospect for him. Judge Sydney has taken him by the hand which means success. There is no reason why he should not be Lord Chief Justice or Lord Chancellor, or anything, in fact, for 'the history of genius is the history of youth,' and he has both youth and genius."

"Yes, he looks very clever."

"And he is of sterling metal. He will make the most of his chances."

Ah, what a difference between him and Jack! He is patient, steadfast, hardworking, and bears the white flower of a blameless life; now his long labor is to bear fruit, and fortune, smiling, will lead him to the golden heights of success; of him all men speak well. And Jack—what has he—what prospect? Only, as he said, a soldier's grave.

"I think the room is too hot for you," says Garry, glancing down at me. "Step outside for a moment; you look rather pale, and I don't want Percy to break my head for over-tiring you."

We go into a cool corridor, made beautiful with shrubs and dim lamps, and the slight sensation of faintness soon passes. There is always one advantage in Lord Rydall's society; you may be sure that he will never speak of anything that could make you uncomfortable or annoyed; never once has he alluded to that miserable night, the last time of Jack's being in his house, and I know him well enough to be sure that he never will do so.

Percy claims me after a brief interval; but we sit out the dance, as I feel tired, and he remarks it.

"Are you enjoying it Vera?" he asks.

"Very much; it is a shame to lose this."

"Yes; but I don't wish to see you dropping with exhaustion. When have I another inning?—to use Cecil Hawden's very expressive term."

"Next but one, just after Jack," I reply, rather vaguely.

"When are we to go to Lochdhui?" he asks; and I wonder what has caused him to think of that here, but answer—

"When you please, Percy."

And I think of the night when I first beheld it, amid the glare of torches and bonfires, the enthusiastic welcomes, the cries of "Glencairn, Glencairn!" that went up to the illuminated sky. Am I selfish in not caring to return to the land of his love, where he is idolised?

"When you please, Percy," I repeat. "I think your heart is in the Highlands still."

Then I hear my favourite "Blue Danube," and Jack comes across to me smiling.

"This reminds me of the olden times," I say, as I take his arm; and away we float on that stream of varying melody.

. . . . . .

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

In 1840.

There was time to live.
Men sleep yet in their beds,
The epoch of haste has not come,
The saddle was the emblem of speed,
Brawn and brains went hand in hand,
We were still a nation of hand-workers,
A day's journey was a serious matter,
The high ways were dusty and populous,
No house contained a sewing machine,
The canvas covered wagon was the ark of trade,
The turnpike was still the great artery of trade,
There was not a mower or harvester in existence,
The land was lighted with candles after nightfall,
Butter was unmarketable a hundred miles from the dairy,
The steam saw-mill had just begun to devour the forest,
The lord of a thousand acres sat with his harvesters at dinner,
The day began with the dawn, and not with the train's arrival,
The spinning-wheel and shuttle sounded in every farmer's house,
He who counted his possessions by the square mile kept open house for the wayfarer,
The telegraph had begun in Washington and ended in New York twelve months before,
The rich were lavish in an abundance which was not yet covered by the keen eye of commerce,
From East to West was the pilgrimage of a life, From North to South was a voyage of discovery.

The pretty Countess of Aberdeen, who is one the most amiable and popular of British gentlewomen, was pelted and covered with flowers by the people of Dublin at the demonstration in honor of the retiring Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The Earl of Aberdeen is one of the idols of the Irish, but his wife is quite as popular as he. Her kindness and simple manners won the Irish heart.

Admiral Popoff's Gunboats.

An Odessa correspondent writes:—A further proof, if further proof were wanting, of the wretched sea-going capacities of the circular Popoff gunboats of the Russian navy, was instanced here the other day. The Nishni Novgorod started from Sebastopol to join one of her consorts in the evolutions in the Odessa Roads. She encountered what at the worst I should term a stiff half gale with a slightly choppy sea, a few hours' weathering of which sufficed to bother and damage her to such an extent that she was towed back to port. Even for harbor and coast defence, the unwieldy form and virtually unmanageable movements of this class of gunboat, or floating battery, in any but the smoothest waters, puts the Popoffka out of all serious calculations as an effective fighting arm of the Russian navy. These vessels, designed by Admiral Popoff and so much lauded a few years ago, are now considered by all naval authorities in Russia to be practically valueless. I have seen it stated on former occasions in the Russian press that they were capable of obtaining a speed of 12 knots, but as a matter of fact under the most favorable circumstances the maximum speed of the Popoffka is from five to six knots only.

Snake Story.

Mrs. Yerger—"Did you read about that rattlesnake that killed a donkey in the outskirts of the town?"

Col. Yerger—"Yes; I'd like to get a chance at that snake."

"Do you want the snake to kill you, too? Do you suppose the serpent is going to distinguish between you and a donkey?"

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, piles tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Commodore John Paul Jones' heirs claim prize money due for capturing British vessels in the revolutionary war; didn't think of it before.

"Golden Medical Discovery"—the great blood-purifier.

Elliot F. Shepard has just paid a $15,000 mortgage on the Seventh Presbyterian Church of New York. "A church debt," says he, "is a mortgage upon the altar of God."

Offensive breath vanishes with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Bidel, the French lion-tamer, announces that his seventeen wounds on the neck, arms, and thighs are all healing, and he invites skeptics to see his clothes, which are on view at the menagerie in Paris.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS,

opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and *kindred habits*. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it *if so desired*. Send 6c in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Luben, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Cut this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

Mr. Gladstone recently declared that if he heeded the warnings of age he should retire from political leadership, but that he meant to continue to relieve human suffering even if it shortened the period of his own.

A FREE FIGHT.

The great reputation of Briggs' Electric Oil is such that it has induced unprincipled persons to adopt other names as near like it as possible. The proprietors of Briggs' Electric Oil have the name and style of the Electric Oil registered both in Canada and the United States, and no one can use it but themselves.

Others hearing of the success of Briggs' Electric Oil have adopted other names similar, such as "Eclectric Oil," "Electron Oil," &c., and are striving to induce the public to buy them instead of the genuine Electric Oil.

In fact so determined were they that they brought a suit at Law, in the High Court of Canada, to deprive Briggs & Sons of their right to control the same; but the Courts and the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa fully sustained their registered trade mark.

Briggs' Electric Oil cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises, complaints arising from Colds such as Sore Throat, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and difficult Breathing.

Gen. Harney, of the United States army, is the oldest man on the register. He became a soldier in 1818, and participated in every war in which the country has engaged since that time. He is 86 years of age and very rich.

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, &c., when you can get Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the Bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and renders the blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine 50cts.

"Please, sir, how will you have your steak?" shyly asked the young lady. "Well done, good and faithful servant," said the dignified young student, impressively.

A. P. 295.

MEN—THREE—and two ladies—as Canvassers good pay. H. E. KENNEDY, Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED—IN EVERY TOWN AND county, for the O. K. Paper and Silver. Best thing out; sells at sight; sample Knife sent on receipt of price, 15c. Q. D. DAY, Agent, 40 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

$700 80 Acre Farm—$500 60 Acre Farm—1 mile from Dundalk—100,000 acting plays, 15 cents; 100,000 5 cent music; instruments half-price. BUTLAND, 37 King-st. W., Toronto.

BAND SAW MACHINES—ALL SIZES—LATEST improvements; bracket band saw for attaching to post; neat, cheap and durable; send for circulars. JOHN GILLIES & CO., Carleton Place, Ont.

REPRESENTATIVE in each county to sell "Proposal and Espousal"—a book on Love, Courtship, Matrimony and kindred themes. Write for circulars. International Book and Bible House, Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS FOR NEW PARALLEL FAMILY BIBLES—large type, splendid maps, beautiful illustrations; contains 4,000 questions and answers on Bible Topics; liberal terms. International Book and Bible House, Toronto, Ont.

THE DEADLY ANACONDA.

Loose in the Museum and Captured by the Keeper.

Less than six months ago there lived on the banks of the upper Amazon as respectable and mild mannered an anaconda as ever dangled from a tropical tree. He was a middle aged snake, would have stood twenty-six feet high on the tip of his tail, if he had ever assumed that posture, and immediately after one of his monthly luncheons of monkey would have been described, had he been an Alderman, as "having a presence"—a sort of lumpy stoutness. There was nothing vicious about him, and he asked little of life. He wanted his monkey regularly with, perhaps, on gala days a young Brazilian, though in the matter of natives he was temperate. He loved to lie a basking in the sun on the banks of the slumberous Amazon and be lulled to soft repose by the scolding of shrewish macaws and paroquets who hated him, and whose hatred he fondly cherished. He was a gentle, cheerful snake, having in all the twenty odd feet of his bosom not a single grain of ill-will or bitterness toward the world.

By a series of infamous outrages this same anaconda has been transformed from the peaceful, useful citizen he once was into an incarnation of all that is devilish. His one ambition now is to kill everything that is alive and within his reach. His naturally mild nature has been turned to gall and wormwood, and he hates the world and all that live therein.

It was a beautiful hot day when his troubles began, and only a few months ago. He never felt in better spirits in his life. He had just dined off a young monkey, whose

BONES CRACKED LUSCIOUSLY

as they squeezed through the good snake's smiling mouth. He had stretched himself out and curled himself up cozily, with the sun's rays sifting warmly down upon him through the trees overhead. The parequets and macaws were unusually virulent in their abuse, and he had prepared to enjoy himself thoroughly.

But he had barely got himself comfortably nestled together when he became conscious of an annoyance. It felt as though something was prodding him in the fleshy part of the waist, where the monkey lay. He raised his head lazily and not unkindly, and with an "Oh-let up" expression in his sleepy eyes. Then suddenly there began that series of infamies which have made him the misanthrope he now is. He felt a sharp, rude slap about the head, something tightened like a vise about his throat, and before he could pull himself together for resistance he felt himself dragged along the ground. Then all the indignity of the insult burst upon him, and he let forth his fury. He writhed and struggled and lashed the ground and the foliage all about with his whip-like tail. But it was useless. On he went, dragged irresistibly, unrelentingly on. Through the film which the tight rope about his neck cast over his eyes he could see dimly that he was drawn at the end of a long rope, at the other end of which were four or five Brazilian natives, tugging with all their might—these same natives whom he had often refrained, partly for hygienic reasons to be sure, but whom he had nevertheless refrained all the same from eating. Oh, how he would have liked to have one of them in his embrace just then! How he would have loved to coil fondly about him and gaze down into his eyes as they gradually popped out of their sockets!

There the bundle was put into a box, over the top of which heavy slats were nailed, and then, and only then, the cowardly captors reached through and cut the cords and the canvas, and transformed the package into a prisoner.

As such prisoner he was conveyed across the ocean to the city of New York, and then and there transferred for a valuable consideration to one Donald Burns of 115 Hoosevert street to be his individual property. But it was not wholly into peaceful possession that Mr. Barns was to come. During those many wretched weeks of injury and abuse all the venom and

DEVILTRY OF HIS RACE

had been concentrating in that formerly amiable reptile's being. He was only bidding his time, and his time came last Thursday night.

G. W. Donaldson, who is another dealer in snake flesh and blood and who takes it and exhibits it heartlessly at country fairs, had been dickering with Mr. Burns, and finally a bargain was struck. The formerly excellent but now wholly abandoned anaconda was knocked down to Mr. Donaldson for the sum of $500, in hand paid, and was to be delivered to the purchaser at Mansfield, Ohio. Mr. Burns had decided to make the shipment on Friday; so the evening of the day before he moved the box containing the anaconda from an inner room into the outer room of his store. It was his intention to transfer the snake into another box for shipment the first thing this morning. In his haste to leave on Thursday evening, however, he did not observe the fatal fact that the cover to the box containing the stranger from Brazil was loose.

The door of the store was locked at last and the steps of the proprietor were heard growing fainter and fainter down the street. The room grew darker and darker. The canaries in the numerous cages on the shelves huddled close together and tucked their heads under their wings; the two armadillos stretched themselves out comfortably on their backs to sleep; three brown Russian bear cubs, only landed the week before from Archangel, curled themselves up together,

GRUNTING AND MOANING

at their fate; the big monkey in the cage on the floor and the three little monkeys in the cages on the shelves ceased their chatter and scratched absently for fleas in their sleep; even the parequets and macaws gave vent to their spite only in occasional hoarse croaks. The repose of the night had fully fallen upon Mr. Donald Burn's happy family.

The time of the anaconda had come. There was a faint sound from the loose board on the top of the box. Then all was still for a time. The sound was heard again, and slowly the board lifted from its place. Then appeared a horrible white snout with distended nostrils, then came a mottled, wedge-shaped head, in which two gleaming, devilish eyes reflected the light from the street gas lamp which streamed in at the window. Slowly, silently, fold after fold of the monster poured out upon the floor. The loose board of the box fell back and the anaconda was loose, with murder in his heart.

He slipped noiselessly about for a moment, raising his head high in the air and glancing about to see where he should strike first. The bear cubs muttered uneasily in their sleep, and the big monkey, awoke now, stood with all its soul in its ears. Suddenly it uttered a fearful shriek. It had caught a full view in the the gas-light of the head of its deadly enemy weaving ominously to and fro in the air. The monkey's frenzied shriek of fright roused the entire household in an instant. The macaws and parequets yelled and stormed and swore their most sulphurous Spanish oaths, the bears growled and whined and scraped aimlessly in the air, the canaries fluttered and chirped in their terror, and above all rose the piteous scream for help from the monkeys.

The terrible scene which occurred during the dead hours of that awful night will never be recorded. The passers by in the street in the early morning knew that there was a tragedy, and gathered curiously about on the side walk listening to the uproar. When Mr. Burns came at last and opened the door, there, in the middle of the room, partly coiled up, but with head five feet in the air, was the anaconda, now grown

FURIOUS WITH HATE

and with the uproar about him. Quick as a flash Mr. Burns grabbed a large strip of canvas that fortunately was at hand, and into this the fierce reptile lunged his head. Then there came a furious struggle, Mr. Burns groping for the anaconda's neck and the anaconda vainly trying to get Mr. Barns into its deadly coil. But it was not a long struggle. With a firm grip on the big snake's throat, Mr. Barns soon had him subdued and fast secured in his box.

Then he looked about at the havoc. One of the cub bears lay crushed and dead in a corner. In another corner lay the remains of a deceased armadillo, and the monkeys were in such an ague of fright that they are liable to die from it before consumption gets a fair chance at them. The parequets and macaws were busy all day long telling everybody who came in about the horrible night's adventure, and swearing frightful Spanish oaths as they told it, and the poor canaries will not get over their fright for a month. The anaconda was put into another box and packed off at once to Mansfield, where Mr. Donaldson will have an opportunity to measure his capacity for deviltry. Mr. Barns admits that he is a bad snake.

SHORT SUMMER SERMONS.

BY BROTHER GARDNER.

De longer I lib on top dis airth de harder I am convinced dat de man who profits by your advice gibs you no credit fur it, while de one who loses by it am your enemy. I has reached dat pass in my private life whar', in case a naybur steps in to ax my opinyun about de weather fur de nex' twenty four hours, I dodge de inquiry an' turn de conversashun to hard cider as soon as possible. If I predict rain an' hit it, dar may be too much fur his beans or not 'nuff fur his 'taters, an' he am sartin to lay it up agin me. If I predict rain an it doan' come, he loses confidence in my judgment an' holds me in contempt.

Fur de las' twenty y'ars I hev been seekin' de happy medium, an' dat's de chief cause of my bein' hump-backed an' bow-legged, an' liver all upsot. I doan' want to be so good dat a pusson dares to come an' steal my hens in de daytime, feelin' dat I'll forgive him an' I doan want to be so bad dat none of de nayburs will dare to come in an' borry soft soap, knownin' dat I like to lend. In tryin' to strike de happy medium my hens hev all died of de pip an' none of de borryed soap has bin returned.

I want to treat all my nayburs alike, but when Johnson comes in an' abuses Smith, an' Smith comes in an' abuses Johnson, de happy medium which I search aroun' fur makes enemies of boaf, bekase I doan' agree with either.

If I pray so loud dat my bazoo floats out on de night air to de ears of de nayburhood, somebody remarks dat wind-power religion may be all right to trade mules by, but it doan reach de gates of Heaben. If I pray in sich a low voice dat nobody h'ars it, remarks are made to de effeck dat I has cooled off a good deal since payin dat bill fur three months' pew rent.

My left-band naybur has chill'en who am de terror of Kaintuck. He comes ober to me in de gloamin' an axes what should be done. De happy medium would be to buy a mad dog an' turn him loose in de back yard, but de suggestion makes de man my enemy.

My right-hand naybur has chill'en who am so good dat dey lay down an' let derselves be robbed an' pounded. He wakes me up in de mawnin to ax my advice, an' when I tell him to pack dem off to an idiot asylum he doan' speak to me agin fur six months.

De medium which we should strive fur may be divided up as follows:

1 Be deaf in nayburhood quarrels.

2 Be dumb as to men's faults onless you am in de witness box.

3 Be silent when you can't praise.

4. If you advise at all, agree with de ideas of de pussons askin' it.

5. A blind man am nebber brought into court fur a witness.

6 Wisdom am not in knowing such a powerful sight, but in keepin' shet on what you doan' know.

Savage Cruelty.

An imbecile widow named Lebol, residing in St. Denis, Paris, has met with a horrible death. Her sons endeavoured to obtain admission for her in a madhouse, but failed. They did not want to support her and tied her to a stake and burned her to death. While the woman was suffering her sons sprinkled holy water over her, and when arrested told the police that they had burned their mother because of religious motives.

A Buffalo preacher is accused of hugging the girls in his congregation. The accusation, it is presumed, is brought by a female member of the congregation who has a wart on her chin and freckles on her face, and who was neither embraced in the list of girls hugged nor hugged in the list of girls embraced.

An unknown man stepped up to Brother Talmage and said: "Well, sir, I am an evolutionist and I want to discuss that question with you. I am also an annihilationist. I believe that when I die that will be the end of me." "Thank God for that!" devoutly ejaculated Mr. Talmage, as he walked off and left the man perfectly dazed.

HEALTH.

NIGHT AIR.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air. The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window, most nights in the year can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in twenty-four hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within.

THE FOLLIES OF DRESS

"Pride must be pinched." This is the saying we used to hear in our boyhood days when we tried to wear a number seven shoe on a number eight foot, and the old-fashioned number thirteen and a half cut-throat collar on a number fifteen neck. During this hot weather we cannot help thinking of the old saying when we see men—the writer among others—going about with stiff collars, shirt fronts as hard as a board, and everything from the tight-fitting shoes to the heavy hat worn for show and not for comfort. The farmer boy of all ages can work in the hottest weather and at the hardest work with far more comfort than the city man, because he wears only a light woolen shirt and a pair of overalls. The fashionably dressed woman, though, is most to be pitied, unless she wears the much sneered at Mother Hubbard. This is the most common-sense dress that woman can put on, and the sensible woman will continue to wear it in spite of the sneers of a few who do not know better.

TAKING COLD.

"How is it that one takes cold when the weather is so warm? What shall we take for a bad cold?" It may be from over-eating; from exposure to cool air immediately after drinking hot tea or coffee; or, it may be from exhaustion. When one is really tired, he is very susceptible to disturbing influences. We suppose the more common cause of taking cold in hot weather is, the standing or sitting in a draft, when not properly protected. Taking off one's boots or shoes while very warm, and sitting with bare feet, or in slippers, will cause a cold. Indeed, there are a hundred ways by which one takes cold, but the more common are those named above. Take nothing. Instead of eating heartily, as usual when well, stop eating, or eat very moderately for a day or two. A wet-sheet pack will "thaw out a cold" better than any medicine can possibly do, and in this case there are no bad effects, as in taking medicine.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

This is the season when diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera infantum are induced by wrong living. Over-eating and eating improper substances are prolific causes of summer complaints. Impure air or living in ill-ventilated rooms is another; an unclean skin, another. Instead of a daily bath, many go from Saturday night to Saturday night without putting on a clean skin, or freeing themselves from those bad odors arising from the oily exudations of the skin, which becoming rancid, give off these "horrid smells" from filthy feet, armpits and other parts. A daily hand bath in a quart or more of clean soft water—cold, tepid, or warm, according to circumstances—would keep the body clean and sweet.

Swill milk—taken from sick cows, fed on the slops of distilleries—kill thousands of children in large cities every year. Oh, the wickedness of these poisoning swindling murderers!

Pure, sweet milk, from healthy cows, with fresh, well cooked oatmeal, crushed wheat, farina, white corn, rice, barley, and Graham bread, peas, beans, fresh ripe fruits, etc., would not only be delicious, but healthful, and *prevent* these summer complaints which bring anxiety to every mother's mind.

Take the patient into fresh air—mind *that*—keep the pores of the skin open and free by *proper* bathing; give him a little, not too much, plain and simple food. Let his sleep be abundant, and his *rest* perfect. If there be any mend in him, he will rally. In many cases doctors and other meddlers do the killing, while if let alone, nature would do the curing.

Buy With Your Eyes Open.

Parties intending purchasing Silver Plated ware should not forget the fact that it is almost impossible to tell by the general appearance of the articles whether they are heavily plated or not. The only reliable evidence the purchaser can depend on is the impress or trade mark of the manufacturer, and care should be taken to select only those of standard and well-known makers. First class goods, if observed carefully, will show that they are finished in a workmanlike manner, all parts nicely fitted and joined together—an article of beauty and durability combined. Such goods will afford the purchaser every satisfaction. But if the article is badly soldered and the ornamented parts coarse and blurred or the chasing and engraving badly done do not purchase at any price. Such articles will wear only a short time and while used will prove injurious to health. There are too many unprincipled dealers in Electro Plate and peddlers of the same who are constantly palming off on the unsuspecting, goods that are made of the cheapest kinds of metals and very lightly plated. Avoid all such dealers and when the fact is ascertained demand your money back and publish such a dealer among all your friends.

It is stated that Mrs. Potts, wife of that Potts who went through the whirlpool rapids, was willing for her husband to risk his life. No one who has not had experience can appreciate what it is to be married to a crank!

FARM

STOCK NOTES.

The breeding of heavy horses is now "all the rage," and doubtless it is well that it is so. But it is to be feared that it will lead to a neglect of breeding for mules, and there is no more profitable farm industry than rearing good mules. They are always in brisk demand at good prices. For farm work mules are decidedly superior to horses. They eat less, will do more work and are very rarely sick. Rightly managed, they are as pleasant to handle as horses. But it is common to abuse a mule and this will sour his temper; the same abuse would sour the temper of a horse yet more. Given the same treatment and the mule is not more treacherous than the horse, and is really more docile. The mule suffers much from a prejudice which prevents many farmers from using or rearing mules, both of which would be to their advantage.

While the country is free from pleuro-pneumonia, thanks to the forbearance of the alleged veterinarian who introduced the disease at their own sweet will, the country is not free from swine diseases, and while it now exists in isolated sections, it is to be anticipated that the disease will spread until it will be almost as destructive this fall as last. I am glad to note that few carcases are being sold; the larger number is being burnt or buried. Burying is an effectual method of disposing of the carcasses, but burning is doubtless better. I do not think there can be any doubt that the true swine plague is infectious. The proof that it is produced by the bacillus suis is apparently conclusive; and if caused by this agency it must be infectious. Hence the carcasses of hogs that have died of the disease should be effectually disposed of.

While I believe swine plague to be infectious, I have always contended that hogs in a healthy state were rarely attacked by this disease; in other words, hogs in a condition of vigorous health would be able to resist the bacilli. In proof of this I have frequently instanced my own herd, which has been free from disease for almost twenty years, though frequently decaying carcasses lie exposed within a few feet of my hogs, and my hogs have nosed, through a rail fence, swine so sick that they could scarcely stand on their feet. I notice that Mr. M. W. Smith, of Columbus, Ind., says that he has been engaged in rendering dead animals for fifteen years and has rendered not less than 400,000 hogs and pigs that had died from all kinds of diseases that hogs are afflicted with.

CHOICE OF A BREED OF GEESE.

There are only a few breeds of geese raised in this country, and in fact only two which are of practical value to the poultrymen—these are the Toulouse and Bremen or Embden geese. I consider the Toulouse the best of the two, because they are heavier and produce more eggs when special care and attention are given to their feeding and housing. As to the management of geese some of the following hints should be observed, if they are being raised for the market. One gander to four or five geese is generally considered the limit. It is advisable to let a hen set on the eggs and raise the goslings. The feed in general is about the same as for chicks, except that oatmeal, wheat and vegetables should be fed a little more freely. There should be a regular time set for feeding, and be careful not to give them too much; for this is detrimental to the laying on of fat. It is a good plan to have the hen-house darkened for several weeks before killing, and not give them too much exercise.

TURNIPS FOR WINTER USE.

A good crop of winter turnips can often be grown on land which has produced a crop of early potatoes. If sown before the tenth of August, there is usually time enough to get a crop full grown. Those who continue to keep sheep will find it for their interest to grow turnips enough to give the sheep one good feed every day during the winter months. To keep turnips well, it is best in topping them to cut well into the turnip, thus preventing the sprouts from growing. In sowing turnips of any kind it is best to sow in drills, so they can be cultivated and kept clear of weeds, but on land that is clear of weed seeds. The flat turnips may be sown broadcast and a good crop obtained without cultivation, yet the growths will not be as uniform as in drills.

Fun at Home.

There is nothing like it to be found—no, not if you search the world through. I want every possible amusement to keep the boys home evenings. Never mind if they do scatter books and pictures, coats, hats, and boots! Never mind if they do make a noise around, with their whistling and hurrahing! We would stand aghast if we could have vision of the young men gone to utter destruction for the very reason that, having cold, disagreeable, dull, stiff firesides at home, they sought amusement elsewhere. Don't let them wander beyond the reach of mother's influence, yet awhile. The time will come, before you think, when you would give the world to have your house tumbled by the dear hands of these very boys; when your heart shall long for their noisy steps in the hall, and their ruddy cheeks laid up to yours; when you would rather hear their jolly whistle than the music of all the operas; when you would gladly see dirty carpets—ay, live without carpets at all, but to have their bright, strong forms beside you once more. Then play with and pet them. Praise Johnny's drawing, Bessie's music, and the baby's first attempt at writing his name. Encourage Tom to chop off his stick of wood, and Dick to persevere in making his hen coop. If one shows a talent for figures, tell him he is your famous mathematician; and if another loves geography, tell him he will be sure to make a great traveler, or a foreign minister. Become interested in their pets, be they rabbits, pigeons, or dogs. Let them help you in home decorations; send them to gather mosses, grasses, and bright autumn leaves, to decorate their room when the snow is all over the earth, and you will keep yourself young and fresh by entering into their joys, and keep those joys innocent by your knowledge of them.

Harry (who has the idea, but forgot the precise words)—"Oh, sister, Mrs. B. told me to tell you how awfully kind it was of you to sing, as it's so hard to get any one to do it nowadays unless they sing well."

SUMMER SNICKERS.

One does not need a thermometer nowadays to find that it grows warmer by degrees.

A girl recently married a legless man. She says when she asks for a new bonnet he can't kick.

A little boy said he would rather have the earache than the toothache, because he wasn't compelled to have his ear pulled out.

"I wish that dog would go out of the parlor. I wonder why he don't." "Probably because he is a tarryer," was the reply.

Some one says that Miss Kate Field would sooner have married John Brown than any hero of the war. John is probably well satisfied that it turned out as it did.

A little six year old, whose "nose had been put out of joint" twice within two years and a half, feelingly remarked the other day: "Mamma gets sick every time a new baby comes to this house, and I wish they'd stay away."

Four year old Belle had been watching Tom, the cat, squeeze through a very small hole under the house. "Oh, mamma," she said, "you ought to have seen Tom! He just mashed and went under!"

"Gentlemen," remarked Col. Mooney, the other day, "let us strike for a reform in our dress. If women can wear dresses with the arms and yokes thereof punched full of holes to let the cool air in, why can't we? I'm for reform!"

A little girl, visiting a neighbor with her mother, was gazing curiously at the hostess' new bonnet, when the owner queried: "Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied: "Why, mother said it was a perfect fright, but it don't scare me!"

"I tell ye, my friens," said Brother Gardner, "when I come to realize j'st what a queer piece of clay we am, an' how much workin ober we need to come out perfeck, I can't wonder ober the shoutin' and hurrahin' in heaben when one o' us grown folks finds his way in."

"Jeptha," asked Mrs Jones, who was writing a letter home, "how do you spell sign?" "S-i-n-e," answered Jones, who always spells by sound. "I thought there was a g in it somewhere," remarked Mrs. Jones, doubtfully. "That would make sing of it," responded her husband. "S-i-n-e spells sign."

It was over at one of the picnic parks. The leader of the band arrived and went to survey the place and the music. He came with two or three of his musicians to the piano. They got their instruments out and were tuning them when the proprietor came along. Just as he came up to them the leader was sounding the note on the piano. "Too low," said he to the cornet; "too low." "What's that?" said the proprietor. "The piano—too low; that's all." "Here, Jake," yelled the proprietor to a carpenter across the place. "Here, Jake, this piano wants raisin'. Just tell him how high you want it. That's what he's paid for. He'll raise it three feet if you need it. I don't want no slouchin' of this music."

"Talking about photographers," said a young lady who reclined lazily in one of the Rock Island Road's luxurious chair cars, "I have been out West on a visit to my married sister—way out where there isn't much but prairie and wind, you know. Well, there's a photographer there—I'd like to know where you can go in this country and not find one—and he was a good one. Nothing would do my sister but we must go up and have our pictures taken, and so we went up. I sat first. He arranged me in the chair, an old wooden one, and placed my head in the rest, which was an old pitchfork, with the sharp end of the tines broken off. Then what do you suppose the nasty brute did? Well, he fixed his old camera and then took a huge quid of tobacco out of his mouth, threw it against the wall higher than his head and said: 'Now look right at that, mum, hold still and look purty.'"

Out and Into.

"He brought us out, that he might bring us in." Deut. vi. 23

Out of the distance and darkness so deep,
Out of the settled and perilous sleep,
Out of the region and shadow of death,
Out of the foul and pestilent breath,
Out of the bondage and wearing of chains,
Out of companionship, ever, with stains,

Into the light and glory of God,
Into the holiest made clean by blood,
Into His arms. the embrace and the kiss,
Into the scene of ineffable bliss,
Into the quiet and infinite calm,
Into the place of the song and the psalm.

Wonderful love, that has wrought all for me!
Wonderful work, that has thus set me free!
Wonderful ground, upon which I have come!
Wonderful tenderness, welcoming home!

Out of disaster and ruin complete,
Out of the struggle and weary defeat,
out of my sorrow, and bondage and shame,
Out of the evils too fearful to name,
out of the guilt and criminal's doom,
Out of the dreading, and terror and gloom.

Into the scene of forgiveness and rest,
Into inheritance with all the blest,
Into a righteous and permanent peace,
Into the grandest and fullest release,
Into the comfort without an alloy,
Into a perfect and confident joy.

Wonderful holiness bringing to light!
Wonderful grace, putting all out of sight!
Wonderful lowliness draining my cup!
Wonderful purpose, that ne'er gave me up.

Out of the horror of being alone,
Out, and forever, of being my own,
Out of the bitterness, madness, and strife
Out of myself and all I called "life,"
Out of the hardness of heart and of will,
Out of the longings that nothing could fill,

Into communion with Father and Son,
Into the sharing of all that Christ won,
Into the ecstacies, full to the brim,
Into the having of all things with Him,
Into Christ Jesus, there ever to dwell,
Into more blessings than tongue can e'er tell.

Wonderful Person, whose face I'll behold!
Wonderful Story, there all to be told!
Wonderful, all the dread way that He trod!
Wonderful end, that He brought me to God.

Able Bodied Liars.

Iowa man—"Talking about dry weather, why it's an actual fact that in Iowa the water-melons haven't a drop in 'em—have to be soaked before we can market 'em."

Nebraska man—"Shouldn't be surprised. Wish you could have been with me on a ride I took during the heated term."

"Hot, eh?"

"Well, I didn't feel it so much, but it was such a pretty sight to see the corn popping in the fields."

THE
DESERONTO NEWS CO'Y
(LIMITED.)

OUR JOBBING DEPARTMENT

Is replete with an abundant supply of new type and printing material. We are therefore in a position to execute Fine Job Printing in all its branches in first class style and at rates to suit the times. Send or call and get prices. ☞Orders by mail will receive our prompt and careful attention.

The Tribune.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1886.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Cheap slates at THE TRIBUNE office.

School books at THE TRIBUNE OFFICE. Slates at the same place.

Dalton has been making large sales of furniture during the past week.

Immense market on Tuesday morning, probably the largest ever held in Deseronto.

Mr. McCullough is raising the board walk in front of his new block on St. George street

THE *Resolute* on each trip from Oswego carries large consignments of fruit for Picton, Belleville and Deseronto.

MR. John Hart of the Big Store, lost a valise overboard from the Quinte on her recent trip to the Thousand Islands.

"Jerusha Jinks" in her honest, homely way gives some excellent advice which should be well pondered by readers of THE TRIBUNE.

The Parsonage Grove on the Reserve has been greatly improved in appearance by the wire fence by which it has been recently surrounded,

MR. Asa Richardson, of Macdonald, had three ribs broken by falling down a hatchway on the Quinte during the Band excursion last week.

While excavating for a drive house at Bay View Farm a coffin, 6½ feet in length, was discovered. It had evidently been there for many years.

To-day the great demonstration in honor of Messrs Blake and Mowat takes place in Picton. It is expected to be of the most imposing character.

The Schr. Hannah Butler while crossing the lake from Oswego to Wellington was run into by a black two-masted schooner sustaining considerable damage in consequence.

Principal Grant, of Queen's College, and Rev. D. Macrae, a distinguished preacher and *litterateur*, of Dundee, Scotland, spent two days in town this week as the guest of Mr. E. W. Rathbun,

His Lordship the Bishop of Ontario has set out on a trip to England for the benefit of his health. He has appointed as his commissary Archdeacon Lauder, of Ottawa, to whom all letters on business should be addressed.

The members of the Dominion Senate are rejoicing over the prospects of a large number of divorce cases to be settled by them next session. The principal duty of the Senate is in this connection. Such matters should be relegated to a county court judge.

Messrs M. J. Butler and E. Walter Rathbun and party returned home from Algoma last week, having completed their survey of the township of Marks. They state that the greater portion of West Algoma will in time be settled, the land being good for agricultural purposes.

The gloomy fears, desponding views, and weariness, that many complain of, would disappear were the blood made pure and healthy before reaching the delicate vessels of the brain. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood; thus promoting health of body and sanity of mind.

Ayer's Ague Cure, when used according to directions, is warranted to eradicate from the system all malarial diseases, such as Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Intermittent, Remittent and Bilious Fevers, and disorders of the liver. Try it. The experiment will cost you nothing if a cure is not effected.

A concert will be held in the White Church this (Friday) evening at 8 o'clock sharp. In addition to local talent the committee have been so fortunate as to secure the valuable services of Miss Nellie Holton, of Kansas, a vocalist of rare talent and pianist of recognized ability. Readings by Mr. Bedford and our own Thos. Naylor will give one of his unique recitations. The Rathbun Company Band will give some selections, and, in fine, a rich treat is sure for all who attend. The proceeds will be given to the Band Fund. We bespeak a very large and liberal patronage on this occasion. Tickets 15 cents. Reserve seats 25 cents.

There have been many complaints of late about light weights on the Deseronto market. W. Johnson, Esq., Inspector of Weights and Measures for this district, accordingly detailed an officer to investigate. The officer made a seizure the other day of a spring balance in the possession of Wm. McGuinness, of Richmond, who was brought before Commissioner McCullough, and fined $5.00 and costs. McGuinness had been frequently warned that his weight was illegal but persisted in its use with the above consequences. These spring balances are in common use but farmers will find from the above case that they run a risk in using them. The Inspector and his subordinates are determined to protect the public and are using all diligence to that end. The best plan to avoid suspicion is to use the market scales.

A DENSE fog prevailed on the bay last Friday morning making navigation difficult. Messrs. E. Arthur Rixen and Geo. Evans, of the central office, essaying to cross from Davey's Island to Thompson's Point to catch the steamer, found themselves unable to reach their destination. After rowing around in a circle for several hours they at last landed at Glenora. Their neglect to materialize at Deseronto caused much painful anxiety among their fellow quill-drivers whose thoughts naturally reverted to the terrors of that eventful night spent amid the dangerous reefs of Big Bay when befogged on their way to Barnum's Circus, at Belleville. They were proceeding to organize a search expedition when a telegram from Glenora told them of the safety of the two wanderers, who have resolved in future to camp at Capt. John's Island within sight of the lighthouse and hearing of the big whistle.

Scribbling books at THE TRIBUNE office.

Threshing operations in progress at Bay View Farm.

MRS P. Green's new house will be veneered with brick.

School books and stationery very cheap at THE TRIBUNE office.

We have to thank Mr. Randall, township clerk, for a copy of the Voters' List of Tyendinaga.

The gravel on Dundas street is too high and should be levelled by the county authorities.

The gardener's cottage at the Rathbun homestead is being moved off its site to some distance north.

Mr. Al Bogart had his hand severely cut the other day while handling some barb wire at the Big Store.

Dr. Irish, the dentist, will be at the Deseronto House, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

Would it not be well that the children of our public schools should be instructed in the art of marking ballot papers at elections?

Rev D. O. Crossley and Rev. J. P. Wilson B. A. of Napanee, exchange pulpits next Sunday. Mr. Wilson will, therefore, preach in the Methodist Church both morning and evening.

Mr. Wm. Gracey is now manufacturing his famous "Liverpool" ginger beer in Deseronto and is meeting with a large demand for this beverage, which he is prepared to furnish to customers in any quantity.

Mr. Geo. D. Smith, contractor, has finished a large brick building 45x30 ft. at the chemicical works. He has also commenced work at the foundation of a drive shed at Bay View Farm, which will be 81x38 ft.

While Miss O'Connor and Miss Totman were out driving on Monday evening their horse was frightened by some young urchins, and turning around suddenly, the two young ladies were thrown out of the carriage. They fortunately escaped with but slight injuries.

A Fancy Fair under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of St. Mark's Church will be held in McCullough's Block, on St. George street, on Tuesday next, 8th inst. It will continue all through the day and evening. Do not forget this event as it will be most interesting,

Now that Mr. Mowat is visiting this section of the province he should take into speedy consideration the necessity of doing more for the counties of the bay district which have not for some years been receiving many favours at the hands of the local government.

Chief John Smoke Johnson died at his residence on the Grand River reserve on the 25th of August. Deceased was 94 years of age and was the oldest Indian of the Mohawk tribe. He fought in the American war of 1812 and knew the great warrior Chief Joseph Brant.

THE public schools re-opened on Monday after the summer vacation. The principal and his staff appear to have greatly enjoyed their holidays and are certainly looking all the better for their relaxation from the worry of teaching. Miss Cassidy, of Hastings, takes charge of the department formerly taught by Miss Robson.

From the Report of the Chairman of the Board of Inspection, compiled up to 31st day of December, 1885, we get the carrying capacity of the steamers on Bay as follows: *Alexandra* 586; *Quinte* 440; *Armenia* 90; *Varuna* 175; *Nellie Cuthbert* 90; *Utica* 30; *Empress* 680; *Hero* 425; *Gipsy* 170; *Reindeer* 140; *Deseronto* 83; *Annie Gilbert* 80. The law confines the owners, agents or captains of steamers to keep within the above limit.

ON Thursday, Aug. 26th, the Orangemen of Shannonville held their annual excursion to Glenora and Picton, per Stmr. Varuna, which left the wharf, Shannonville, about nine o'clock calling at Northport and Deseronto. She arrived at Glenora about twelve o'clock where the majority of the party remained until the Stmr. returned from Picton. The excursion was the largest that has gone from the village for a number of years, and the committee of management and members of Shannonville Lodge may justly feel proud of having such a grand turnout.

At 11. a.m. on Sunday Mr. Reuben Clement was sleeping the sleep of the just, the church going bell having failed to arouse him from his peaceful slumbers. He was suddenly awakened from his dreams by a harp jerk which landed him on the floor. Before he could say "Jack Robinson" he found himself dragged across the room and twitched down stairs at an alarming rate. It seems that some person or persons unknown had entered his room tied a rope around his manly form and then making their way to the street had hauled on the bow-line with the above consequence. Is the chief being avenged, or is the Ku-Klux at work in our midst.

IF THE farmers of Canada wish to appreciate what one important competitor, India, has become in the grain markets of the world, let them note these figures. Between 1868 and 1882, the Dominion's exports of wheat to Great rose Britain from less than 1,009,000 cwt. to over 3,000,000, but that of Australia increased in the same period from less than 500,000 cwt. to nearly 5,000,000 cwt. The most astonishing increase, however, was in the case of India, whose wheat exports to Great Britain in the corresponding years increased from less than 200,000 cwt. to 8,500,000 cwt. In other words, India's exports of wheat to Great Britain, which in 1868 were only one fifth of those of Canada to the same country, are now two and a half times larger.

ALTHOUGH not blessed with the natural advantages of the sister kingdoms, Scotland occupies the proud position of being the richer and more intelligent of the three kingdoms. This is chiefly, if not altogether due to the diffusion of education by its splendid and long established system of parish schools. Among the districts of Scotland itself, Aberdeen ranks first in an educational point of view. This was exemplified at the general election of 1885, when West Aberdeenshire was the only country constituency in the United Kingdom entirely free from "illiterates," and the South division of Aberdeen city was one of the two burgh constituencies which occupied the same high position. The North division of Aberdeen city had only two illiterate voters and East Aberdeenshire eight. This is a splendid record. It is quite unnecessary to state that the electors of these constituencies, probably the most intelligent in the world, send only advanced radicals to parliament, and vote solid for home rule for Ireland.

Copies of the *Weekly Mail* for sale at THE TRIBUNE office.

The smiling oyster and dreary church social are now in season.

You will save money by ordering your papers at THE TRIBUNE office.

The Varuna was delayed on her up trip last Monday on account of stormy weather.

The Schr. A. G. Ryan capsized yesterday just below Capt. John's Island, as a result of being improperly loaded.

Prof. Townsend will not hold a matinee at Deseronto. His first appearance will be on Saturday evening. Children should *not be denied* the rich treat on that account.

THERE are fifty-nine appeals this year against the voters list of Deseronto. This is something unusual as for several years an appeal of any kind has not been made. The reason for these appeals are many and various.

An order in council has been passed prohibiting the importation of swine from Minnesota and Dakota, excepting through the port of Emerson. They will be placed in quarantine there for 21 days.

James Lewis Goddard who stole a silver crucifix and a number of prayer books from the Roman Catholic Church in this place a few weeks ago, was sentenced to nine months in the Central Prison by Judge Lazier.

Napanee defeated Central New York at the cricket tournament in Syracuse last week, but was defeated by the Syracuse eleven. The bowling of Mr. I. Allum was greatly admired. He took nine wickets in the first game.

There was much regret expressed by all our people at the unavoidable absence of Sir John A. Macdonald from the Mohawk picnic. Rev. Mr. Anderson read a telegram stating that pressure of business prevented his attendance.

The band excursion on the Str. Quinte was not so well patronized as it might have been. Nevertheless all those who attended report having had a magnificent time, the sail on Saturday through the Thousand Islands being very much enjoyed.

Indians who wish to exercise the privilege of the ballot intelligently will do well to subscribe for THE TRIBUNE. No dependence should be placed on these wily politicans who are only looking out for the interests of their parties. Read THE TRIBUNE, a good democratic paper, only $1.00 a year.

THE naval architects do not appear to be satisfied with the increased speed obtained by Atlantic steamers, and now suggest that steamers specially built for passenger service without freight be employed. The use of such yacht-like steamers would save another day in the length of the passage. Contrast this five or six day's passage with the six week's sailing voyage familiar less than thirty years ago.

McCullough's new block had a narrow escape from destruction by fire on Wednesday night. On Thursday morning when the door of one of the shops was opened it was found that during the night a big hole had been burnt in the end of one of the counters It is supposed that the painters carelessly left some oiled rags on the counter and that these had spontaneously ignited. Fortunately the fire went out in some mysterious way and the building was saved. It was noticed by some neighbors who however gave no alarm as they thought it was a reflection from some house across the street.

Prof. Townsend, who has had a very successful professional experience in the United States, appears in Cameron's Opera House on Saturday and Monday evenings, Sept 4th and 6th. He will deliver lectures upon the countries of Europe, which will be accompanied with magnificent illustrations of a most brilliant and thrilling character. The views are very fine and clear, twelve feet in diameter, and have everywhere been loudly praised by the press. We are certain that the people of Deseronto will not fail to attend these lectures and see the suberb illustrations.

DESPITE all present appearances to the contrary, there is no doubt that the Canadian Pacific Railway will yet be thrown on the hands of the Dominion Government. The wants of two hundred thousand people in the western provinces cannot make the traffic necessary to make the line self-supporting. The glamour with which the press is now surrounding the management of the great road cannot prevent thoughtful persons from observing that things are not what they seem. All this does not detract from the wonderful energy and enterprise shown by the Syndicate whom the country has backed with no less wonderful prodigality.

A meeting of the political friends of the Hon. Messrs. Blake and Mowat was held in the town hall on Wednesday evening. W. R. Aylsworth, Esq., was called to the chair and Mr. W. R. McRae was selected as secretary. The chairman in a few remarks referred to the approaching visit of Messrs. Mowat and Blake to Picton and the desirability of the Deseronto friends making same demonstration in their honour. S. B. Burdette, Esq., President of the Reform Association of Hastings, being in town also addressed the meeting, and informed it of the action taken by the Association. It was resolved on motion to tender an address to the Reform leaders and a committee was appointed to draft and present it on the Quinte with other addresses to be presented at the same time.

The barque *Florn P. Stafford* part of whose cargo of New Teas is for Walmsley & Spafford, has arrived at Port Moody. The C. P. Ry. will deliver the same ea ly next week. The people of Deseronto may expect something really good in Japan Teas immediately thereafter. Remember we do not advertise an imaginary business, but import our own goods, give the best value obtainable, and endeavor to please withall.

WEDDING BELLS

On Wednesday Miss Gertude Wartman, daughter of Mr. D. G. Wartman, was united in marriage to Mr. A. E. Patterson, of Chicago. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. D. Crossley, pastor of the Methodist Church, in the presence of a number of the immediate friends and relations of the contracting parties. The bridesmaid was Miss Celia Wartman, and the groomsman Mr. G. B. Harning, of Kingston. The bride and bridesmaid were both attired in cream Turkish crape and satin. Mr. & Mrs. Patterson left on the afternoon express for Chicago, followed by the best wishes of a host of friends in Deseronto. The bride had been organist, treasurer and teacher in the Methodist Sabbath School, by a committee of which she was presented with a purse and the following

ADDRESS.

Deseronto, 31st August, 1886.

To MISS GERTUDE WARTMAN:

DEAR FRIEND,—We the members of the Methodist Sunday School of this village have learned with deep regret of your intention to take up your residence in a distant land, and thus necessarily sever your connection with the Sunday School.

We have therefore assembled here tonight to mark our appreciation of the valuable services you have rendered to the Sunday School as organist, which position you have filled so acceptably for a period of three years; as Teacher the efficiency of your scholars and their devotion to you is ample proof that you discharged your duties well, as Treasurer of the funds your accounts have been kept in an accurate and intelligent manner, in fact, in every capacity in which you have acted you have left nothing to be desired; and while we regret that your labors among us are ended, it is a pleasure to us to say, "well done."

We also desire to assure you we have not failed to recognize that you possess a good Christian character, which is so essential for persons engaged in Sunday School work, and hence you have left for your scholars an example which they will do well to imitate.

And now that circumstances over which we have no control will deprive us of your assistance, and end the pleasant relations heretofore existing between us, we desire that you will grant us the favor of accepting from us this purse. The conditions on which we ask this favor is not for the intrinsic value of the gift, or that we feel it does in the slightest degree repay you the debt we owe; but we ask you to accept it as a memento of our gratitude and a tangible expression of our appreciation of your labors among us.

In your new home you will form other acquaintances, and it is a consolation for us to know, that though you will be absent from us, others will profit by your many superior inherent qualities and high musical attainments.

We will miss you at Sunday School and especially at our entertainments, on which occasions you have heretofore performed the most difficult parts; but we trust, though absent from us in person, you will continue to aid us by your sympathies and prayers.

Trusting you will accept our best wishes for your happiness and prosperity, and that the God of all consolation will so direct you and us, that if we are not permitted to meet again on earth we shall meet in Heaven to part no more forever.

Signed for and in behalf of the aforesaid Sunday School.

A. A. RICHARDSON, Supt.
JOHN L. FERGUSON, Asst. Supt.
D. O. CROSSLEY, Pastor.
MELBOURE MASTIN.
JENNIE PORTER.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Sidney Smith and Miss Smith, of New York, are the guests of Mr. E. W. Rathbun.

Mrs. F. S. Rathbun, arrived home on Tuesday.

Mrs. J. Marrigan, Jr. and Miss Marrigan, have returned home after a pleasant visit to friends in Tamworth.

On Tuesday Dr. Oronhyatekha returned from St. John where he has been attending the Supreme Court of I. O. Foresters.

Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, who has been visiting at the Mohawk parsonage, returned to Ottawa on Tuesday.

Mr. Wm. Mathieson, with his wife and son, of Rochester, are visiting Deseronto as the guests of Mr. R. Geddis.

Mr. Herbert B. Rathbun and Mr. W. R. McRae have been spending a few days at Hay Bay, hooking maskelonge and other monsters of the deep.

Mr. & Mrs. W. R. Aylsworth enjoyed a few days this week at the Thousend Islands.

Mr. P. Crow, of Alnwick, was one of the visitors to the Mohawk demonstration.

Mr. Wm. Jamieson, and daughter arrived home from Ireland on Monday morning, both looking all the better of their pleasant trip.

Miss Guest, of St. Mary's, is the guest of Mrs. Geo. Clinton.

Rev. Mr. Harding and Miss Harding, of Napanee, were in town on Wednesday.

Rev. R. S. Forneri, of Adolphustown, was in town yesterday.

Mr. R. Morden, of Northport, gave us the pleasure of a call on Thursday.

Mr. Jamieson, of the Belleville *Intelligencer*, was in town yesterday.

Prof. Townsend's lime light Stereopticon at Cameron's Hall on Saturday and Monday evenings.

OATS AND PEAS AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR CORN.

One of our best farmers proposes to adopt oats and peas as a substitute, in part, for corn. He wants a crop, he says, that can be sown with a drill and cut with a reaper and thrashed by a steam-engine, and is off the land early enough to be followed by winter wheat. For sheep, the straw from oats and peas makes excellent fodder. And if you get a heavy growth it smothers the weeds and leaves the land cleaner for wheat than an oat or barley stubble. I have grown oats and peas, and I think highly of the crop; and if our corn should continue to be as poor as it has been for some years past many farmers, like my friend, will be inclined to plant less corn and sow more oats and peas.

If we do this, we shall have to keep more sheep and fatten them in winter, or raise more fat lambs. Those farmers who keep large flocks of sheep, especially of the mutton breeds, find that they need more pasture, and we shall have to seed our land more frequently to grass and clover, and keep it down longer. This, while wheat is so low and labor so high, is by no means a disadvantage. If red clover should fail, when sown so frequently, we can sow Alaska and white clover occasionally.—*American Agriculturist.*

Remember the Concert this evening, Tickets 15 and 25 cts.

DATES OF THE FALL FAIRS.

Toronto, Sept. 6 to 18.
Provincial, at Guelph, Sept. 20 to 25.
Bay of Quinte District at Belleville, Sept. 21 to 24 inclusive.
State Fair, Utica, Sept. 22 to 29.
Hamilton, Sept. 27 to Oct. 1.
Kingston, Sept. 28 to Oct. 1.
Napanee, Oct. 5 and 6.
Picton, Oct. 6 and 7.
East Hastings, at Roslin, Wednesday, Sept. 29th.
North Hastings, and West Huntingdon, Friday, Oct. 1st.
Gananoque, Sept. 8 to 10.

Wanted immediately several hundred subscribers at THE TRIBUNE office.

West's Pain King acts promptly, cures quickly. Never fails to cure bowel complaint, colic, cholera morbus, cholera. Costs but 25 cts, is always ready. Enquire regarding its merits of W. G. Egar.

The Great Discount Sale at the New Store, in Hilb's Block, will be continued until Wednesday, Sept. 8th. G. E. FSASER.

DESERONTO MARKET.

Deseronto, Sept. 2, 1886.

BARLEY, 55 to 65 cents per bushel.
OATS, 30 to 35 " "
BUTTER, 14 to 15 cents per pound.
LAMB, 4 to 7 " "
BEEF, 4 to 6 " "
LARD, 9 to 12 " "
EGGS, 11 to 12 cents per dozen.
POTATOES, 60 to 65 cents per bag.
HAY, 7 to 9 dollars per ton.
CHICKENS, 45 to 50 cents per pair.
DUCKS, 50 to 60 " "
GEESE, 50 to 60 cents each.
TURKEY 60 to $1 "
Hides 6 to 7 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 60 to 85 cents each.
Tallow in rough 3 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 5½ "
Hogs, live weight, $5.00 to $6.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, $6.00 to $7.00 " "
Apples, 65 per bag.

TO LET.

THE west part of the brick dwelling east of TRIBUNE office. Apply to
MRS. CLOSE,
Napanee.
Sept. 2, 1886. 61-w3

VOTER'S LIST, 1886.

Municipality of the Township of Tyendinaga, County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given, that I have transmitted or delivered to the several persons mentioned in the third and fourth sections of the Voter's List Act, the copies required by the said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the said list made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the said revised Assessment Roll of the said Municipality to be entitled to vote in the said Municipality at Elections for Members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that said list was first posted up at my office at Shannonville, on the 28th day of August, 1886, and remains there for inspection according to law.

Electors are called upon to examine said list, and if aay errors or omissions are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have said errors corrected according to law.

A. B. RANDALL,
Clerk of said Manicipality,
Shannonville P. O.

TENDERS.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received up to the 1st September, for the cure of the Methodist Church, Deseronto, for one year, commencing 12th September, 1886. Caretaker to furnish wood, oil, &c.

G. E. SNIDER,
Secretary, Board of Trustees,

E. HARRISON,

350 Front Street, Belleville,
Keeps in Stock and makes to order on short notice all classes of Account Books. General Book-binding, from the Plainest Library Style to the best Morocco and Calf, with Gilt or Marble edge. Paper ruling, Map Mounting, Varnishing, Music Binding, Picture Framing. Improved Milk and Cheese Factory Books. Mercantile Books and intricate ruling a specialty. Prices close 9-.1-4

TO FARMERS.

THE JERSEY BULL "GERMAN" and Shorthorn Bull "BELTED WILL" will stand for service this season at Bay View Farm, Deseronto.

—TERMS—

If a heifer calf is dropped $1.00. If a bull calf is dropped, it may be returned to Bay View Farm when weaned and the service money will be refunded.

Deseronto, June 24, 1868.

LOVELL'S
GAZETTEER AND HISTORY
OF THE
DOMINION OF CANADA,
IN NINE VOLUMES, ROYAL 8vo.,

TO BE COMMENCED whenever a sufficient number of subscribers is obtained to cover cost of publication. Subscription to the Nine Volumes $75.00, to the Province of Ontario or to Quebec $12.00, to New Brunswick or to Nova Scotia $11.50, to Manitoba or to British Columbia $9.50, to Prince Edward Island or to Northwest Territories $9.50. Each Province to have Map.

Please send for Prospectus.

JOHN LOVELL,
Manager and Publisher,
MONTREAL, 4th August, 1886.

The Tribune.

VOL. III. DESERONTO, ONT. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1886 NO. 52

THE TRIBUNE,

P blished every Friday Morning.

THE DESERONTO NEWS CO.
(LIMITED.)

Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One copy, $1.00 per year. 60 cents per six months. Strictly in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE	1 Year.	6 mos.	3 Mos.
Column	$50.00	$30.00	$18.00
Half Column	30.00	18.00	10.00
Quarter Column	20.00	12.00	7.00
One Inch	5.00	3.00	2.00
Business Cards, (less than one inch.)	4.00	2.50	1.75

Wants, Lost, Found, Strayed, etc 25 cts each insertion, or on a contr at the rate of 75 cents per month.

Casual advertisements 5 cents per line first nsertion; each subsequent insertion 3 cts. per line.

Communications should be addressed to

THE DESERONTO NEWS Co., (LIMITED),
Deseronto, Ont

MARRIAGE LICENCES.

T. G. PILE, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, Deseronto Ontario. 3

COAL.

FOR HOUSE USE OR BLACKSMITH SHOPS, AT lowest market rates. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

SALT.

BY CAR LOAD, BARREL, OR IN BULK, AMERIcan or Canadian, at lowest market rates. Write for prices.
1 THE RATHBUN CO

WATER LIME.

WATER LIME, PORTLAND CEMENT, AND Plaster Paris for sale, cheap, and full direcons given how to use successfully. Write for prices.
THE RATHBUN CO.

NOTICE.

INSURANCE ON FARM OR VILLAGE PROPERTY at low rates in Standard Stock Companies—the Royal Insurance Company and Commercial Union of England, Western and British American of Toronto.
THE RATHBUN CO.,
Agents.
17-z

O'CONNOR HOUSE.

THIS HOTEL IS ELEGANTLY FURNISHED throughout, in the latest styles. Large and convenient Sample Rooms; and every accommodation and comfort for guests. The Bar is supplied with best imported and domestic Liquors and Cigars. Charges moderate First-class Livery in connection. Good Yard and Stables attached.
P. O'CONNOR, Prop'r,
Deseronto Ont.
*3-L

QUEEN'S HOTEL.

OPPOSITE CITY HALL,
BELLEVILLE, - - - ONT.

First-class hacks connecting with all trains. Street cars pass the door every fifteen minutes.
-2.1y. SIBBITT & CO., Proprietors

MONEY TO LOAN AT 6 PER CENT.

$35,000.00 of Private Money.

Old Mortgages paid off, New Loans taken and Mortgages Purchased.
Apply to
GIBSON & CLUTE,
1 yr. Barristers, Napanee.

Napanee, Tamworth
—AND—
QUEBEC RAILWAY.

NAPANEE VALLEY LINE.

TIME TABLE No. 9.

IN EFFECT JULY 1st, 1886.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.		No. 2. A.M.	No. 4. P.M.
Napanee	Leave	10 40	5 10
Napanee Mills	"	10 55	5 25
Newburgh	"	11 07	5 30
Thompson's Mills*	"	11 15	5 38
Camden East	"	11 20	5 43
Yarker	"	11 35	6 00
Colebrooke*	"	11 40	6 02
Galbraith Road*	"	11 45	6 05
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)			6 10
Moscow	"	11 50	6 15
Mudlake Bridge*	"	12 00	6 25
Enterprise	"	12 05	6 30
Wilson's Crossing*	"	12 13	6 38
Tamworth	Arrive	12 25	6 50

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.		No. 1. A.M.	No. 3. P.M.
Tamworth	Leave	6 45	2 45
Wilson's Crossing*	"	6 55	2 55
Enterprise	"	7 00	3 05
Mudlake Bridge*	"	7 07	3 15
Moscow	"	7 15	3 20
Varty Lake, (Excursion Ground)			
Galbraith Road*	"	7 25	3 30
Colebrooke*	"	7 28	3 32
Yarker	"	7 30	3 35
Camden East	"	7 45	3 50
Thompson's Mills*	"	7 50	3 58
Newburgh	"	7 55	4 10
Napanee Mills	"	8 05	4 15
Napanee	Arrive	8 20	4 30

*Stop only when Passengers at or for.

R. C. CARTER, H. B. SHERWOOD, E. W. RATHBUN
As't. Gen. Mgr. Superintendent. Gen, Manage

Royal Mail Daily Line
—TO—
Picton Kingston & Belleville.

The Elegantly Equipped Upper Saloon Steamer

"HERO."

C. H. Nicholson, Master.

Commencing Monday, July 12th, and until further notice will leave Kingston daily at 3.30 P.M., sharp, arriving at Bath 5.00; Picton 7.30; Deseronto 9.00; and Belleville (Friday excepted) at 11.00 p.m.

Returning will' leave Belleville, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6.00 A.M., sharp. Deseronto 7.30; Picton 9.00; arriving at Kingston at 1.30 P.M.

On Tuesday and Thursday will leave Belleville at 4:00 a.m.; Deseronto, 5:30: Picton, 7:00; Bath, 9:15; arriving at Kingston, 11:00 a.m.

On Saturday will leave Deseronto at 4:30 a.m.; Picton, 6:00; Bath, 8:30; arriving at Kingston at 10:30 a.m.

Special attention given to the careful handling of freight, for which reasonable rates will be guaranteed.

Connections at Kingston with Cape Vincent and Rideau Canal strs., G. T. and C.P.Rys., and with all Railway and Steamboat lines at leading points. Through freight rates quoted.

Stateroom and Table accommodation and attention unexcelled.

For further information apply to the Captain on board, or

THE RATHBUN CO.
Agents,

FIRE INSURANCE!

We beg to advise those desiring Insurance that we are Agents for

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, OF ENGLAND;
THE COMMERCIAL UNION INSURANCE CO'Y OF ENGLAND;
THE WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, OF TORONTO, ONT.;
THE BRITISH AMERICAN INSURANCE CO'Y, OF TORONTO ONT.,
THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO'Y.

Who will write Policies as low as any other *Stock* Company in the Dominion.

The standing of these Companies is such that all may be satisfied that in case of loss the settlement will be prompt and equitable.

Farmers will find it to their interest to insure with us.

Record kept of all Policies and Notices sent insurers before expiration of same.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY,
6-L Deseronto, Ont.

BAY OF QUINTE
Railway & Navigation Company.

CHANGE OF TIME.

THE TRAINS OF THIS ROAD MAKE sure connection with all G. T. R. trains both East and West, and with Steamers of the Deseronto Navigation Company for all Bay and River ports.

1886. TIME TABLE. 1886.

DESERONTO & GRAND TRUNK LINE.
BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

STATIONS	EXP. WEST.	MIXED EAST.	EXP. WEST.	MIXED EAST.	EXP. WEST.	MIXED WEST.	EXP. EAST
	NO.1	NO.3	NO.5	NO.7	NO. 9	NO.11	NO.13
	A.M.	A.M	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Deseronto leave	3:30	7:45	12:25	4:00	4:45	9:00	12:05
East End, "	3:35	7:50	12:30	4:05	4:50	9:05	12:10
Deseronto Jun. ar.	3:50	8:05	12:45	4:20	5:05	9:20	12:25

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED WEST.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED WEST.	EXP. EAST.	MIXED EAST.	EXP. WEST.
	NO 2	NO. 4	NO. 6	NO.8	NO.10	NO.12	NO 14
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.
Deseronto J. le'v's	4:00	9:00	12:55	4:30	5:20	10:10	12:40
East End	4:15	9:15	1:10	4:40	5:30	10:25	12:55
Deseronto arrive.	4:20	9:20	1:15	4:45	5:35	10:30	1:00

Trains Nos. 1 and 13 run daily, (Sundays included.
Sure connections to and from Bay uinte Ports
Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

This Time-table shows the times at which the Trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several Stations; but, as the regularity of Trains depends on connection with other lines, the Arrivals and Departure of the time stated are not guaranteed, nor will the Company hold itself responsible or delay or any inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER.
Deseronto, Ont. Gen. Manager.

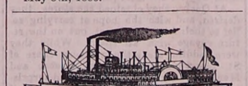
THE FAVORITE STEAMER

"VARUNA."

Will on and after May 8th, leave Deseronto as follows:—for Picton at 10.00 a. m; returning, will leave for Belleville and Trenton at 2.30 p. m.

CAPT. PORTE.

May 8th, 1886.



DESERONTO
Navigation Company.

(LIMITED.)

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk and Bay of Quinte Railways, for Picton and all Bay of Quinte Ports.

SURE CONNECTION WITH ALL TRAINS.

Str. "QUINTE"

Will until further notice sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Picton....6:00 A M.	L ave Tenton..1:00 P.M
" Deseronto..7:30 "	" Belleville..3:30 "
" Northport..8:00 "	" Northport 5:00 "
" Belleville..10:00 "	" Deseronto 5:30 "
Arrive Trenton 11:30 "	Arrive Picton...7:00 "

Str. "GIPSY."

Will sail daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Leave Napanee 6:00 A.M.	Leave Picton .. 3:00 P.M.
" Deseronto. 7:00 "	" Deseronto 5:30 "
Arrive Picton ..8:30 "	Arrive Napanee 6:30 "

This Steamer makes one extra trip between Picton and Deseronto with Mails and Passengers for G.T.R. going East as follows:

Leave Picton...10:00 A.M.	Leave Deseronto 1:15 P.M
Arr. Deseronto 11:30 "	Arrive Picton....2:45 "

PURCHASE YOUR TICKETS READING *via* DESERONTO JUNCTION.

The Steamers are open for engagements for Excursions at all times. For further particulars apply to

R. C. CARTER.
General Manager
Deseronto, May 8th, 1886.

DESERONTO to OSWEGO
—AND—
NEW YORK.

The large, commodious and fast sailing Steamer

"RESOLUTE."

Now sails Tri-Weekly between Deseronto and Oswego. Parties going to New York and other points will find it to their advantage to take this route.

Cheap Rates of Freight.

☞ LOW FARES.☜

For particulars enquire at Railway Office.

R. C. CARTER,
Gen. Manager.
May 8th, 1886.

My Horse, Cow, Sheep and Pig are sick, I will go to

Egar's Drug Store

and get medicine to cure them, only the best Condition Powders and purest Drugs are kept at the

OLD RELIABLE DRUG STORE

MAIN STREET, DESERONTO.

EXCITEMENT
HAS ARISEN AT
PETER H. FOX'S
NORTHPORT,

—:In the wonderful Cheap Prices in:—

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, Hardware, Crockery, Stationery, &c.

Having received a Fresh Stock of Prints Shirtings, Ginghams, Gray and White Cottons, Cottonades, Dress Goods, etc., and which have been bought very cheap and all of newest and best patterns, I am prepared to offer at a bargain. king in exchange for goods and paying Thighest market price for Eggs, Butter, Lard, Tallow, &c.

Soliciting the public patronage.

PETER H FOX.

THE SPIRIT'S CALL.

On being told by an old negro woman, then about 90 years old, that at every good-time (holiday) her young mistress and all her old (white) friends, long since dead, came to look for her.

Come away, come away,
Why linger longer here,
Come with us sister pray,
And quit this world of care.

They beckon me and say,
In us lost friends you see,
Come with us that you may,
Be ever bright and free.

Then a sweet voice cries,
We've left our happy home—
Beyond the clear blue skies,
To call thee sister—come.

Tho' wrinkled is your cheek,
And age has dimm'd your eye;
Come with us now and seek,
New life beyond the sky.

There snow never comes—
There youth shall ne'er decay;
There beauty ever blooms,
That will not fade away.

Thou cans't not love decay,
Look at thy withered form;
Come leave thy home of clay,
'Tis fit but for the worm.

Thy spirit tho' it hold,
Imprison'd ne'er can die;
T'will shine like burnish'd gold,
In its home beyond the sky.

Christ freely gave his breath,
That all may be forgiven;
Thro' him you'll sleep in death;
But to awake in Heaven.

Come with us sister come,
Cast off Life's weary chain,
And in a brighter home,
Rejoin lost friends again.

ANSWER—THE SPIRIT'S FAREWELL.

Trembling on the verge of life,
Weary with its ceaseless strife;
I fain would quit this home of clay,
Crumbling, tottering to decay.

Kindred spirits bid me come;
To their bright and happy home;
Which I hear them tell me lies,
Far above yon azure skies.

Above, around they seem to hover,
As doth o'er her nest the mother;
And fondly every effort tries,
To tempt her young to mount the skies.

But the timid unfledged brood,
Dare not tempt the angry flood;
They fear to trust their untried wing,
Trembling to the nest they cling.

And tho' 'tis tottering in decay,
I dread to leave my home of clay;
I fear to take that final leap,
That plunge into an unknown deep.

Though 'tis now so weak and old,
It yet can shield me from the cold;
And perhaps for many a year,
The summers burning sun may bear.

Linked by life's mysterious chain,
With it I've felt both joy and pain;
And tho' now panting to be free,
I fain would still its prisoner be.

Farewell—Death's shadows round me close
Ha! Angels bright their forms disclose,
Farewell—on Seraph's wings I fly,
To peaceful calm beyond the sky.

T.G.P.

Easter Sunday, April 8th, 1860.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The present number closes the Third volume of THE TRIBUNE.

Merchants should remember to put up their shutters at 7 p.m. sharp.

Mr. Rhin has assumed a position on the stenographic staff of the Central Office.

Joseph Sova had some of his fingers lacerated by a saw in the door-shop yesterday morning.

THE new forty cord brick kiln for burning charcoal is now completed. It is a grand piece of workmanship.

A large consignment of acetate of lime was shipped to Germany this week from the Deseronto Chemical Works.

A Conservative Association is be formed in a few weeks. The two political parties will then be organized and prepared for the coming conflict.

A NEW siding has been laid down east of the chemical works, thus giving increased accommodation for storing wood and lumber in that direction.

A large quantity of cedar oil has been distilled at the Deseronto Chemical Works. It is found to be unexcelled for purging boilers and keeping them in good condition. Already a large demand has set in for this useful article.

MISS HOGLE has very kindly placed on our editorial table a very tastily arranged bouquet of beautiful flowers grown in her garden on Thomas-street. The fair donor has our sincere thanks for this welcome gift.

On Tuesday the little five year old son of Mrs. John Lindsay was drowned, having, it is supposed, fallen off the dock to the rear of the refuse boilers while playing. The body was found off the Chemical works dock a few hours afterwards. The funeral took place yesterday.

Plushes, Buttons, and Fancy Ornaments to match all the shades in Dress Goods at the Big Store.

Mr. John Berry, of Tyendinaga, lost a fine stack of grain last Wednesday afternoon by fire. A spark from the steam thresher caused the mischief.

THE Gananoque Horticultural Society are holding their exhibition this week, this being the closing day. We thank the directors for their kind invitation.

Mr. E. C. French treated the boys of his Sabbath School class to a pic-nic on Unger's Island on Wednesday afternoon. The boys had a royal time and attacked with great zest the pile of delicacies which Mr. French had provided for the occasion.

The new fire proof brick building for the gas works is now approaching completion, and the plant for manufacturing the gas, which is expected from Chicago in a few days, will soon be put in. One portion of the building has been fitted up for an office and laboratory.

VERY cheap fares are offered to Toronto and return during the Exhibition week. Saturday, 11th inst., from Deseronto to Toronto and return $4.45; Monday, 13th, $3.30; Tuesday and Wednesday, $4.45; Thursday, $3.30. Tickets all good to return to the 30th inst. Large numbers intend availing themselves of these low rates.

Mrs. Jas. D. Burgess and family left by the "Resolute" last night for Oswego, on their way to Hyde Park, N.Y., where they make their future home, and where Mr. Burgess has several large contracts in building operations. The family will be greatly missed in Deseronto, and numerous are the expressions of regret at their removal from town.

One night last week the section men left a very dangerous hole in the track of the B. of Q. Railway just by the Rathbun Company's General Offices, and on the very spot where foot passengers would pass over on their way to the wharf. They should protect such spots with a light before serious damage has been done by citizens falling into them.

The Ladies Aid Society of St. Mark's Church held their Fancy Fair on Wednesday afternoon and evening. There was a fine display of fancy work including a great many handsome articles kindly donated to the Society by Mrs. Thorn, of Philadelphia. Refreshments were served in liberal profusion. Mrs. Clinton secured the "crazy" quilt, and Mr. Bruton got the pretty cushion. The ladies made heavy sales and realized a handsome amount.

THE concert given by the Rathbun Company Band is acknowledged to have been of unusual merit, the vocal and musical talent being of a very high order. We have heard nothing but expressions of unqualified praise from those who were present. The singing and instrumental selections by Miss Coffin were a distinguishing feature, and many hope that ere long we may be favored by a visit from the same vocalist. The efforts of our local musicians were heartily applauded. The people of Deseronto fail in their duty by not extending a more hearty support to the Band on occasions of this nature.

At the close of the services in the prayer meeting in the Church of the Redeemer last Wednesday evening, the Rev. R. J. Craig, on behalf of the kirk-session of the congregation, presented the Misses Burgess and Mr. W. C. Archer with some handsome volumes. Mr. Craig in making the presentation referred in fitting terms to the kind and valuable services rendered by these three young people in the choir, and expressed the general regret of the congregation for the loss sustained by their removal to other homes. Their services, ever cheerfully rendered, had, he was sure, been appreciated by all. Mr. Archer replied in a brief speech thanking the kirk-session and expressing his regret at leaving Deseronto.

The Tailoring department of the BIG STORE, is now well known to contain the largest and best assorted stock of goods, at all seasons of the year, in the Counties; each year every desirable fabric and style is added. Mr. Stoddart has now to show his patrons the largest variety ever held by him in general goods, also an abundance of Overcoatings; last season's stock was entirely sold out and they commence again with fresh and new goods. Having received reliable information that an advance in the price of woolen goods was inevitable they instantly acted on this advice, and the result is they have a large stock of choice goods bought 10 per cent less than other dealers can buy and they guarantee their customers all the advantages secured in this immense purchase.

SOME people may not be familiar with the past history of Alexander Macdonald and the incident of his life which gave him the name of "Coffin" Macdonald. In 1878 a farmer named McIntyre, from Murray, was shot fatally by Lulu Ellis, an inmate of a notorious brawl known as "The Farm" in the northern outskirts of the city. The body was taken to the Hasting House, where a coroner's inquest was held. Macdonald appeared on the scene and made himself more officious than the coroner. When McIntyre's father came to the city, Macdonald went with him to buy a coffin. The old man only had $16—the coffin cost $24. Macdonald persuaded McIntyre to give him the $16 and he would advance the balance. When Macdonald was arrested it was found that he had spent the money at the bar, but McIntyre got $10 of his $16 back, and with his dead son he left for home heartbroken. He never returned to prosecute Macdonald so he was discharged. Hence it was that the reporters gave him the nickname "Coffin" Macdonld, who, as Chief Justice Cameron said, should lead an honest life if only for the name he bore.
—*Belleville Ontario.*

The Dress department of the Big Store is now fully assorted with all new Goods imported direct from the English market. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect the stock before purchasing their fall dresses.

HE SWAM THE WHIRLPOOL.

The Feat That Killed Webb and Scott Performed at Last.

The feat of swimming the most angry bit of water in the world, as Captain Webb described it, has been successfuly accomplished by a Boston policeman, and the barrel navigators have been called in. William J. Kendall was the man who did what Capt. Webb could not do, and he made $3,000 by the operation. Kendall, an athletic young man, went to Sault's Western Hotel the other day and told William Walker, a hack driver that he wanted to swim the rapids.

"You must be crazy," said Walker jokingly, for he thought the stranger was only fooling. This did not prove to be the case, however, Walker concluded the man was in earnest when he produced a small cork vest about two inches thick, which he proposed to wear.

Kendall stripped off his clothes and put on a cork vest. "If I am a live," he said, "I will try to swim ashore at the whirlpool for my bet did not include the lower rapids, and as they are no worse than the first ones, I don't see the use of doing it."

It was just two o'clock when Sault fastened on the cork vest and Kendall dived into the water. He swam a dozen strokes toward the centre of the river, and was caught in an eddy, which carried him back toward the falls, and then he floated down to the rapids in the counter current. As the water began boiling, Kendall turned in a perpendicular position and began treading, evidently being afraid that he was being

SUCKED UNDER BY THE UNDERTOW.

In this way, at 2:05 o'clock, he struck the first breaker, which submerged him for a moment. His hands could be seen moving with a swimming motion above the water as the huge waves dashed him high out of it.

Then began the race between life and death. Kendall did not try to dive, because he believed that Capt. Webb had split his head by running foul of a rock while diving through a breaker. He was submerged nearly half the way, and from his story later he was insensible the last half of the trip. The rapids tumbled him about, and once opposite the Devaux College grounds his body was thrown over ten feet out of the water? then it was sucked under for half a minute and appeared several hundred yards further down.

"That killed him," shouted a man with field glasses on the promontory, and as Kendall exhibited no more life the few other spectators thought so too. The body, apparently lifeless, was thrown out in the whirlpool in about three minutes. The exact time could not be learned, but by a comparison of watches it is evident that it did not take longer than three minutes to travel the three quarters of a mile.

Soon after reaching the whirlpool Kendall was drawn under and reappeared a few hundred feet away. He soon exhibited life and swam away toward the Canada shore. In ten minutes he reached a rock near the shore and clung there until he was aided ashore by Tom Riley and George Toby, who saw him swimming ashore and ran to help him.

"Leave me alone," said Kendall. "I'm about gone; let me be."

Riley and Toby pulled him ashore and got some whisky for him. He was carried in a sheet to Frank Lawson's place, and waited there for Walker who had driven down with his clothes, over the old road on the Canada side. Walker took the exhausted swimmer to the Waverly House at Suspension Bridge, where he was kept in bed for a couple of hours. Dr. Hunter examined him and found no serious bruises. He said that the water had pretty badly pounded the flesh.

Kendall is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 195 pounds, and is a well-built, muscular fellow. He is of light complexion, has a smooth face and a clear blue eye.

"How did I come to do it!" repeated Kendall. "I did it to make money, and I figure that I am in $3,000 by the trip. I did not care for fame, and all I wanted was enough witnesses to show that I went through all right. A few days ago I had a discussion about Capt. Webb's trip with some friends. I am

A PRETTY GOOD SWIMMER

and said I thought I could do it. Finally one of the party, I will not tell you his name, said that he would bet $500 that none of us could do it. I said that I had $1 000, and would bet that. I wanted to put the stakes up with Col. Taylor of the Boston *Globe*. The bet was finally arranged, and other fellows made bets amounting in all, I should think, to $10,000 on the trip. Besides the $3,000 I get, I suppose some of the men who won on me will give me something."

"It was just 2 o'clock when I got in the water, and I was in the rapids about five minutes. The current circled a little, and carried me 300 feet toward the falls. I laid on my back at first, and when I got that far I swam toward the counter current on the Canadian shore. When it caught me it carried me to the bridge quickly, and a minute later I was caught in a couple of waves and shot right ahead. I heard folks on the bank holler, and just then I was thrown into a hollow. It was all spray and sucked me under for at least ten seconds.

"I was in a dazed condition, and could not swim from that time until after I got into the whirlpool. I could hardly get my breath in the spray and water. When the second wave struck me it nearly knocked the life out of me. I could tell that I was being tossed about and tumbled around, and once was

DASHED SO NEAR THE ROCKS

on the American shore that I would have sold my chances of getting ten feet further alive for three cents. Yet I was powerless to do a thing to save myself. This was down below Buttery's elevator. I struck the whirlpool on the Canada side, and after turning several complete somersaults was sucked under. I thought that was the last of me, but I came up just out of breath within fifty feet of the centre. I tried to swim and could not. A moment later I saw another suck hole bigger than the other and made a battle for my life. I was able to swing gradually away from it, and soon got near enough to a rock on the Canada side to get hold of it. I did not have strength enough left to pull myself out, and I must have laid there for a quarter of an hour. I had a big fight to get there. I saw no rocks or logs in the whirlpool. I lay there grasping the rock, and I could not have swam two more strokes."

Kendall said that when he was near the rock at Buttery's he thought, "If I turn another somersault, and strike that rock, it will dash my brains out."

Kendall has a wife and child. He is 24 years old, served four years on the Boston police force, and is now a private detective. His wife knew absolutely nothing about his proposition to make the suicidal trip, and he sent telling her what he had done.

Cooper Graham has gone to Chicago with his barrel, and will go on exhibition there. It is reported that a man intends going through in a beer barrel in a day or two, but Kendall's swim has knocked the glory all out of the barrel men. At Buffalo Potts and Hazlett refused to believe that Kendall went through alive, but several hundred people, including some prominent citizens of the place, saw the Boston officer go through the rapids. Kendall said that he did not believe he was in the rapids more than two and a half minutes. He added that he would not go through the whirlpool again for all the money in the world. He was a strong and skilful swimmer, and he had depenced on his strength and skill to pull him through alive, but when once there he found himself almost as helpless as a baby. He has no ambition to pose as a Niagara hero.

Left Behind.

A Scotch writer who recently described a visit which he had made to the large publishing establishment of the Chambers Brothers in Edinburgh, states that on leaving the house, he was accosted by a wretched, bloated tatterdemalion, who asked for alms.

On receiving it he burst into a chuckle.

"An' that gran' house is Willie Chambers', heh? Ye'll no believe that I came from Peebles wi' him, twa boys thegether, an' lodged wi' him at the widow's in the West Port?"

"Why did you part company?"

The man was thoughtful.

"Weel, Willie took a contract to work fifteen hours for four shillin' the week, an' he laid by money. I could hae no patience wi' such doings, sae he took ane gate, and me anither."

A flash of humor lightened his bleared eye as he added,—

"An' ther he is, an' here am I!"

A German poet likens the life of a young man to a tract of country in which lie two paths, which, at a certain point, separate, at first by a hair line, then by inches, diverging faster and wider, until one ends in heaven and one in hell.

Not every ruined man can look back to the exact point, like the poor Scotchman, where he lost the right road, for, in a long course of ill doing, right seems wrong, and wrong right. But at the time he knew it.

There is a famous picture of the wise men of the East on their way to Bethlehem. The sun has sunk below the horizon, and darkness rests upon the desert save for the shining of the miraculous star. By its light are dimly seen three figures on camels, journeying towards it across the waste of sand. In an oasis beneath the shade of a palm tree, stands a camel, while its rider, stretched lazily on the grass, waves a farewell to his comrades.

That rider has been left behind.

There is no warranty in history for this significant figure, but it has its likeness in almost every community and family. There is nothing more pathetic in life than the story of the man who grows tired following the spiritual light which God has given us, across a dreary waste of days, full of discomfort, care, labor, and perhaps suffering.

He comes to some pleasant little oasis, and then stops.

He chooses the real tree and fountain and strip of shade; let others follow a visionary star if they will!

The tree withers, and the spring dries away. But after the long journey and the desert, the star leads the faithful travellers to the Giver of all truth and life.

"If ye continue, . . . ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

A Woman's Courage at Sea.

Capt. Wallace's niece, a young English girl, married a sea captain and went in his sailing vessel with her husband, visiting many countries with him. On her first trip, when she was yet a young bride, there was a mutiny, and her husband was wounded or knocked senseless in his cabin. The sailors were about to spring down the companionway into the cabin, when the young woman barred the way, pistol in hand, and promised to shoot the first man who moved toward her. She held them thus at bay till wrath burned out, and the mutiny was at an end.

On the next voyage they were shipwrecked, and this brave-hearted girl, with her young baby, was lashed in the rigging, and remained there for several days before they were rescued. They had nothing to eat, and the mother's natural food for her child was exhausted. By some means a can of meat was fished up from the ship, and the child fed on this until it was all gone, and the little one about to starve. But the mother put her teeth into her hand, between the thumb and fore finger, and bit a gash into her own flesh, from which the blood flowed. The child sucked this, and that night the almost dying crew and the brave sailor-wife were rescued.

Both Could Fiddle to the Same Tune.

"Wake up, wake up," said the landlord; "wake up and lie over to the other side of the bed. I've got a companion here for you—a bed-fellow."

"The devil! you wouldn't think—I hope, that is—"

"Don't make yourself uneasy, sir. All the rest of my beds have two persons apiece and yours must have the same—so hitch, either one way or the other."

"Well, if you insist on it, I have nothing to say. It's not on my own account that I care anything about it, but the truth is (scratching more zealously than ever), between you and me and this gentleman, I've got the itch, and I wouldn't like to give it to any one else."

"Hoot, hoot, mon!" said the stranger, who happened to be a Scotchman, "ye need na mak sae muckle to do about it, for I've got the same complaint mysel and we'll baith feedle to the same tune."

Mark Twain, who recently attended the trial of a lawsuit in which he was interested in Philadelphia, took things as comfortably as possible and slept through the entire proceeding.

A DARING MISSIONARY.

Father Jogues' Adventures and Hardships Among the Mohawk Indians.

The story of Father Jogues' adventures and hardships among the Indians is one of the most interesting of the tales of the Jesuit missionaries among the northern tribes. He was born in Orleans, France, on Jan. 10, 1607, and after the regular course of study to the priesthood he was ordained in 1636 Immediately thereafter, at his own earnest request, he was sent out to Canada to take part in the elaborate scheme which the Jesuits had laid for converting the nations of this country. His field of labor was among the Hurons, a tribe of the Algonquins, that was found to be particularly susceptible to the influence of missionaries. Father Jogues was engaged in his work in 1642, when the series of events began which made him a martyr. The summer of that year was one of great destitution among the tribes which inhabitated the territory of the northern lakes, and the French missions among the Hurons came near being wiped out for want of food. In order to procure much-needed supplies Father Jogues, with two French laymen named Rene Goupil and William Couture, and

A BAND OF HURON INDIANS,

started on a journey to Quebec, making their way for the most part in canoes.

At Quebec they obtained the stores they desired, and with the hope of carrying relief to their friends they set out on the return voyage with all speed. While they were paddling along the northern shore of St. Lawrence river between Quebec and Montreal, they were overtaken and surprised by a crew of hostile Iroquois Indians of the Mohawk tribe, who were in that country for the purpose of preying upon Frenchmen and the Indians who were on friendly terms with the French. Father Jogues and his little company were attacked and overcome by the Iroquois after an effort on their part to defend themselves. To the instinct of self-protection there was added the anxiety of preserving the stores they had procured for their famishing friends at the mission. In the fight one of the attacking party was killed. The loss of their companion roused the spirit of revenge in the victors, and incited them to deeds of violence toward the persons of the Frenchmen. The captive whites and Hurons were then deliberately secured, and, taking as much of the stores from the laden canoes of the missionaries as they could make off with, the Iroquois set out for their home on the Mohawk river, the point of destination being somewhere in the neighborhood of the present village of Fonda, the county seat of Montgomery county, The journey was made by canoes up the St. Lawrence, the Richelieu river, Lake Champlain, and Lake George, and from the latter overland through the wilderness to the Mohawk valley. Thirteen days were required for the long paddle and the wearisome tramp, the captives on the way being subjected by the Indians to such indignities and cruelties as their revengeful ingenuity could invent.

The coming of the captives and their custodians was announced in advance in the country of the Mohawks, and preparations for a savage reception were made. The prisoners were halted outside of the settlement until the time fixed for

THE CRUEL CEREMONIES

that were to welcome them. When everything was ready they were taken in and introduced to the savage populace by being first made to run the gauntlet. The tortures of one village being completed they were marched to another and another until all the neighboring villages of the Mohawks had their celebration of the distinguished capture. At every village tortures and indignities were renewed until life was no longer desirable to the captives. Some of the Hurons who were taken with the Frenchmen were burned to death. Father Jogues was punished by having his hair pulled out, his flesh cut, and one of his thumbs sawed off by a shell saw.

Couture, who had killed the Mohawk Indian at the time of the attack on Lake St. Peter was adopted in the tribe soon after these scenes of torture, but Goupil was wantonly killed by the Indians one day when he and Father Jogues were performing the religious rites of their church.

Father Jogues spent the late summer and fall of 1643 alone among his Indians captors, Couture, the adopted Frenchman, being kept away from his society. The devout missionary made no effort to escape. He believed God had directed his footsteps, all unwillingly as they had been taken, to a field of religious labor and that the tortures he had suffered were but a means for impressing upon his heart the great necessity that existed for giving the Indians of the Mohawk valley Christian enlightenment. He found the red men obdurate, however, most of them regarding his religious forms as incantations from the devil. In November after his capture, he was taken by the Indians on a tiresome hunting and fishing excursion as far as Saratoga lake. On this trip he was made to do menial service for his masters who poorly fed him and finally sent him back to the village on the Mohawk. There he

REMAINED THROUGH THE DREARY WINTER,

not once going beyond call of the village in which he remained a voluntary prisoner.

The next summer, in July, in 1643, he was again taken with a band of the Mohawks on a fishing expedition to the Hudson river. While they were on the river, at a point twenty miles below Albany, a messenger from the Mohawks arrived among them with word that the Iroquois had had another victory over the Hurons, and that a fresh lot of Huron captives was making the villages of the Mohawks merry again. Father Jogues was sadly depressed by the news. Knowing by hard experience what would be the fate of the captives, he begged to be allowed to go back to the settlement, in order that he might be near the captured Hurons to minister religious comfort to them. His request was granted, and he immediately set out in a canoe with two Indians, who were to see that he did not escape. They paddled up the river as far as Rensselaerwyck (Albany), where they landed for the purpose of enabling the Indians to do some trading with the Dutch settlers. The story of Father Jogues' capture and his being held a prisoner had reached the whites at Rensselaerwyck, and some effort had been made by them to ransom the unfortunate missionary. On the occasion of the visit of the Indians and their captive the latter was permitted to go about among the whites while the Indians busied themselves trading and inspecting the domestic ways of the Dutchmen. Father Jogues sought out the clergymen the good Dominion Megapolensis, of whom he had heard from Indians trading at the Dutch settlement. The Indians tarried some days, thus giving the two teachers of the gospel an opportunity to become well acquainted. Father Jogues was advised to make his escape from the Indians, but he refused to do this until a circumstance occurred that rendered escape necessary, if he could, to save his life.

Tribute to Poetic Genius.

The author of "England as seen by an American Banker" gives this interesting bit of literary history. In that humming city of coal and iron, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is an old school called the Royal Jubilee School, which once had for its head-master a man whose fame as a rhymer has gone around the world. His name was C. F. Springman, and he was one of the best teachers the school ever had. Yet millions who have read his rhymes have never heard even the name of their author.

I doubt whether any dictionary of poetical quotations ever gave him a place in its index, yet his lines have buzzed in the heads of more persons than any lines that were ever written.

This schoolmaster introduced into his school the idea of teaching history, geography, and other studies through the medium of rhyme.

Springmam of ancient Newcastle was quite successful in many of his rhyming experiments. But he won immortality when he one day hit upon a bit of jingle that had for its object the stamping on the minds of his boys, in an indelible manner, the number of days in the different months of the year, undoubtedly grumbling to himself, as I have often grumbled, over the stupidity of somebody or other in the far past, who, in getting up this monthly arrangement, did not make them all of the same length.

And here are the perennial lines,—lines that hum in the head of every interest-calculator on the English-speaking globe every day:

> "Thirty days hath September,
> April, June and November;
> All the rest have thirty one,
> Except poor February alone."

On His Way to the Pole.

Colonel Gilder the famous rifle shot, of New York was recently in Montreal on his way to the North Pole. So far he had met with no obstacle to his northward journey which his energy had not overcome, and his success in reaching that high latitude so early in the summer is an earnest of his ultimate success in reaching his destination a short distance further north. Colonel Gilder is a journalist who, after some experience in Arctic regions, is impressed with the idea that he can reach the North Pole, and who, when about to sail for Baffin's Bay, was arrested in New York on a trumped-up charge. He has now determined to take the overland route. His plan is to proceed to Fort York, on the Hudson's Bay, by way of Winnipeg and Norway House, following the old Hudson's Bay Company's route, and from there he will go to Fort Churchill, where he hopes to meet a party of Esquimaux. From among them he hopes to form a party, and make his way in whale boats and kayacks up the coast of Hudson's Bay to Cape Fullerton. He will then cross overland to King William's Island, a journey he has already made. He will winter at Depot Island, at the southern outlet of Rowe's Welcome, and in the spring will push on across Melville Island to Ponds' inlet, as far as Cape Sabine, where he will winter. His third winter he expects to pass at Fort Conger, and from there he hopes to make his "dash at the Pole." He is going to do all this with the assistance only of the wandering Esquimaux, and he will live as they live, No man's life but his own will, therefore be risked by the enterprise. He is certainly a brave man.

Thought Themselves Shrewd.

Two years ago oil was struck at the Marshall farm, in Venango County, Penn. The farm contained 350 acres, and before the oil was found would have been considered a good sale at $10 an acre. The wells drilled on the farm were big "gushers," and opened up a new oil territory. A month after the first well was struck the farm was sold for $350,000. The Bartley farm adjoining also proved to be an oil farm, and was sold for $75,000. The school district of the township owned an acre of ground, which, with a red schoolhouse was worth $500. The schoolhouse property was surrounded by the big wells, and all indications were that the acre was the centre of a rich oil pool.

A prominent oil operator offered the School Directors $50,000 for the acre. The offer was refused. They held out for $100,000. The would-be purchasher raised his offer to $75,000. This was the highest price ever offered for an acre of land anywhere in the country. If it had been accepted this rural district would have been the richest country school district in the Union. It was refused. Wells were put down all around the acre. In the course of time the School directors concluded to tap the rich veins of oil that were supposed to lie under the red schoolhouse and its lot. At an expense of several thousand dollars they have put down wells, and the tract is found to be as dry as a bone. The schoolhouse property is now rated at its old value of $500, and the officials are very sick.

Jewess Physicians.

As long as four hundred and fifty years ago, Jewesses practiced medicine in Frankfort, they especially devoted themselves to ophthalmia. A female oculist having practiced in the year 1428, ventured to reside outside the Judengasse, and believed that she could claim exemption of taxes on account of her talent, and the general esteem in which she was held. The municipal council rejected her application, and, in 1489, they ordered that Jewish lady doctors should either quit the city or pay taxes like other Jews. A Jewish doctoress was, however, more fortunate in the year 1494; she was relieved from the payment of "sleeping money," a tax imposed on foreign Jews for every day that they stayed in Frankfort. With this exemption was coupled an official recognition of her profession which was of the utmost advantage to the lady.

It took 10,000 words to express Mr. Tilden's wishes as to what should be done with his millions after he had left them behind. Lawyer to the last.

FARM.

Agricultural Hints.

Write out your experiences for your agricultural paper.

Farmers' picnics and summer institutes are a good idea.

A good coat of paint upon farming tools is a profitable investment.

The fences of the country are an enormous tax upon it and ought to be abolished.

Attending a cattle sale is serviceable to a novice in cattle breeding from an educational standpoint.

These warm days suggest the great necessity for cooling the milk immediately upon its being drawn from the cows.

Don't make the public highway a barnyard, or catch-all for wagons, implements, wood-piles, compost heaps, etc.

Live agricultural societies should have summer meetings on some model farm or by some cool lake as much as winter conventions and institutes.

Cold storage for domestic purposes may be easily and inexpensively secured in an ordinary ice-house, well adapted to the wants of an ordinary farmer.

A big weed near a tomato plant, or hill of squash, or a big tussock of crab grass, will, in a week, take out of the soil enough of the plant food to make a peck of tomatoes or squashes.

"Naturally a boy should follow the calling of his father. That the sons of farmers so exceptionally often refuse to do so, shows conclusively that there must be something wrong," says an exchange.

Some one estimates that nearly one-half of the producers of farm products get an average of ten per cent. less for what they raise than they would if sufficient attention were given to the business of selling.

On two points all seem to agree: First, when one cow in a herd aborts, while surrounded by others, it causes abortion to become general in the herd; second, the native unimproved cow does not, except in very rare cases, abort.

Prof. Roberts, speaking of the great efficiency of modern labor-saving implements and machines, says that the "boy of to-day, with his sulky plow and self-binder can rob the soil of more plant food in a year than his grandfather could in all his life-time."

If the farmer had an evaporator, says the *Orange County Farmer*, and should diligently run it during the berry season, keeping the children occupied and hiring others to help, he would have netted a handsome sum, as evaporated berries find a ready sale.

Some of the farmers in the northwest have been wondering why hay could not be cut and cured in the shock like wheat and oats, and it is said that some of them have been experimenting in this direction with success. They have been cutting hay with the reaper and binder, throwing the sheaves into shocks to cure.

The business of farming has two sides; one lies full in the glow of the warm, bright sunlight; the other is on the shady side, buried in gloom and darkness. Every man can choose which side he will live upon. The path to each diverges from a plain road plainly, so that it cannot be mistaken. The business of farming is one in which no man can fail who uses common prudence, who is industrious, persevering, careful, foresighted, economical. It has the world's wants to supply. The farmer feeds and clothes the world, and every product of the soil has its waiting customers.

Good Horse Manger.

Horses will get their heads to the bottom of the hay manger if they can, and will often throw the hay out, if not prevented. The accompanying illustration is taken from a neighbor's stable, in which such annoyance is easily and simply prevented. A rack of iron rods, or of wood, is made and hinged to the top of the manger in front, so that it may be thrown up and over the front when the manger is filled, and then turned down upon the hay. The bars or rods are just far enough apart for the horse to get his nose through to the hay, but, of course, he cannot get his head through. Iron is better than wood, because the horse cannot gnaw upon it. The bottom of every manger should be slatted, to let the hay seed and dust fall through—a frequent source of cough and heaves in horses.

German Girls.

There is less difficulty in German girls of the middle class finding suitable partners for life than is the case in the same class in England, says a writer in *The National Review*. German girls as a matter of course, take their share in household work. This does not prevent their being frequently very accomplished, often excellent musicians, but it does prevent a good deal of restlessness and vague discontent. A young man who marries in that class knows that he may reasonably expect his bride to be a good housewife. If he is in the upper middle class—for instance a shopkeeper—his wife often keeps the accounts of the shop. I have wondered at the close attention to business details shown by women who might have expected to be spared such exertions. But I was assured they preferred to be thus occupied; partly in order to save for their children. It seems to me that the master and mistress in most shops were on friendly terms with their assistants, who were permitted to rest at intervals during the day in a room behind the shop.

An Afterthought.

"Now, John, if you're going to that fishing excursion to-morrow morning, I suppose I had better pack your valise tonight." So spake Mrs. Brown to her liege-lord and master.

"Yes, dear, I wish you would, for I make an early start," he replied. "Train leaves at 7, you know."

"Very well, John, I'll do it at once. What shall I put in it?"

"Let me see," replied Mr. Brown thoughtfully. "Um! Well, put in that jug of whisky I had sent up to-day, two boxes of cigars, a bottle of brandy, a dozen lemons, some sugar, one or two tin cups and—and—let me see? I've forgotten something, I know. Oh, yes; put in a couple of bottles of that old sherry."

"Yes. Anything more?"

"No, I don't think of anything at present. Oh, hold on! I guess you'd better put in my fishing tackle and a flannel shirt. I may need them, you know."

THE WEEK'S NEWS

HOME.

Ten thousand people attended the services at Grimsby park on Sunday of last week.

Bears are reported to be plentiful and very bold in the woods along the Upper Ottawa.

Messrs. Joseph Hickson, Sanford Fleming and Dr. Scadding have been granted the Confederation medal.

Seventy thousand pounds of fine grade merino wool have been furnished by this year's clip in Alberta, N. W. T.

The cattle ranches in the Canadian Northwest will have five thousand head of cattle for export this year and ten thousand next year.

W. J. Kendall, a Boston policeman, has successfully accomplished the perilous feat of swimming the Niagara rapids, with a cork jacket on.

The cut connecting the waters of Presqu'-Isle and the Bay of Quinte has been completed amid great demonstrations of rejoicing by those present.

The chief of the Winnipeg fire brigade has been suspended pending an investigation of charges of using city employes and city funds for his own benefit.

During the last three months over 2,000 pounds of meat in addition to a number of chickens have been confiscated by the Montreal Health Board as unfit for human consumption.

The importation of swine from Minnesota and Dakota into the Dominion is prohibited except by way of Emerson, Man., where they will have to undergo twenty-one days' quarantine.

In consequence of the outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia among cattle in quarantine at Quebec, an order-in Council has been passed prohibiting the importation of live cattle from infected counties in England.

A new synagogue, costing $60,000, will shortly be opened in Montreal by the English members of the Hebrew faith. The Portuguese congregation are also preparing plans for a new synagogue to cost $75,000.

The first shipment of fresh Canadian fruit for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition was sent by the steamship Vancouver the other day. It consisted of fifty boxes, the samples selected being grown in the Belleville district.

The trial of William McMillan, the basket-maker who stabbed Thomas Nicholson at Bartonville about ten days ago, resulted Thursday in a verdict of guilty. McMillan was sentenced to 23 months in the Central Prison.

The United States Secretary of the Treasury has decided that Canadian steamers can legally carry passengers from one United States port to another, on certain conditions, without payment of the charge of two dollars for every passenger.

Efforts are being made in Montreal to arrange for a united convention of educationists of Canada and the United States in that city next July, with the object of establishing an educational institution under whose auspices international conventions will be held.

The Canadian Pacific Telegraph Company on Wednesday secured the pick of the business and operator employes from the Montreal Telegraph Company at Montreal. There are signs of a big fight on hand between the companies, though rates, it is said, will n otbe lowered.

Mayor Howland refuses to sign the contract for the foundations of the new Court House in Toronto, on the ground that the cost of the building will considerably exceed the sum of $200,000 originally agreed upon as the outside cost. The architect now admits that it will cost at least $320,-000.

A Calgary telegram says Clinker Scott was found murdered in a hack near Saganappi Point on Wednesday. The murder was supposed to have been done by the Edmonton stage robbers, as he had considerable money about him. He was the original discoverer of Silver City, was aged 30, and leaves a wife and one child.

At a recent meeting of the Middlesex County Scott Act Association, a resolution was adopted recommending the formation of electoral unions pledged to support only staunch prohibitionists as candidates for public offices, and favoring the early formation of a new political party with prohibition for the main plank in its platform.

A serious affray occurred the other day in Palmerston. Three self-styled constables attempted to arrest a man, refusing to show any authority for their proceedings, and on his resisting beat him unmercifully with their batons, one of them finally drawing a revolver and firing, seriously wounding an inoffensive bystander. One of the alleged constables was arrested, the others having escaped.

AMERICAN.

Hog cholera is carrying off hogs in Madison, Indiana, and adjoining counties by hundreds.

A fire in San Francisco the other night destroyed property valued at two million dollars in two hours.

A large dynamite bomb has been found in Chicago under the kitchen window of the residence of Mr. Sprume, a member of the Board of Trade.

All the drivers and conductors on the Broadway Surface railway, New York, have struck against changes in the time table, which they claim add from three to five hours a day to each man's work.

There is considerable excitement among fishermen at Atlantic City, N. J., and along the coast at the discovery of the fact that a gang of night fishermen are killing fish by the thousands with dynamite. The State officials are investigating the case.

Late reports of the great storm in Lower Texas state that it was the most terrible and destructive ever known in that region, and extended two hundred miles inland. Thirty-eight lives are known to have been lost, and it is believed that number will be greatly augmented, while the loss to crops, property and shipping is estimated to exceed five million dollars.

FOREIGN.

Mr. Gladstone has started for a three weeks' vacation in Germany.

Five persons were killed in Paris, France, recently, by the fall of a wall weakened by recent floods.

Owing to illness, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has had to cancel his English lecture engagement.

The man who stole the dynamite from the mine at Handorf has been arrested. It is believed he intended taking the explosive to England.

The English corvette Diamond, in the name of the British Crown has taken possession of the Kermodee island in the South Pacific ocean.

Gen. Boulanger will postpone his tour of inspection on the Italian frontier for fear of compromising the good relations existing between France and Italy.

The German Government offers an annual salary of 5 000 marks to any young teacher who will go to Cameroon, Aferica, and open a school there for the instruction of natives.

The Chinese Government has decided to despatch troops to the neighbourhood of Port Lazereff, as a precautionary measure against the reported design of Russia to seize the place.

The convicts on board the French ship Orpe from Toulon to Martinique revolted and were only subdued by firing two cannons loaded with grape at them, by which many were killed.

A man named James Leve, while on his way from London to Manchester with $6,-000 in his possession, was mysteriously murdered and robbed in a compartment of a Midland railway train.

The Curragh of Kildare is being put in readiness to receive five additional regiments of infantry and four additional regiments of cavalry, to keep order in Ireland in the event of any outbreak.

One of the embankments of the Irrawaddy river burst, flooding the city of Mandalay, drowning a number of persons and rendering 50,000 homeless, besides destroying a vast amount of property.

European circles are greatly excited over the revolution in Bulgaria which resulted in the abdication of Prince Alexander. There is no doubt but this turn of affairs has been caused by Russian intrigue, and it is so regarded by the powers. A provisional government at created by the Bulgaria Revolutionists has been over-thrown, and the army and civilians alike are now clamouring for Prince Alexander's return. The Prince was at one time believed to be a prisoner in Russia, but he is now in Austria, whether he will return to Bulgaria or not is uncertain.

A young Englishman named J. R. Peckington a short time ago received an appointment as an advertising agent on commission to a well-known house in Montreal. Business was very good with him. He received quite a large number of subscribers and was paid his commission regularly, and when the accounts were sent to subscribers it was discovered all the names had been forged. He has cleared out. His defalcations amount to about $500, exclusive of a board bill for $28.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Mrs. Henn, the wife of the owner of the English cutter "Galatea," is described as short, inclined to be stout, with bright fearless eyes and a nose inclined upwards, which adds a saucy, independant appearance that is very pleasing. It is added that all the Eastern reporters have fallen in love with her.

Mrs. Agassiz found one morning in one of her slippers a cold, little, slimy snake, one of six sent the day before to her scientific spouse, and carefully set aside by him for safety under the bed. She screamed, "There is a snake in my slipper!" The savant leaped from his couch crying, "A snake! Good Heavens! Where are the other five?"

Mr. Charles Gibb, of Abbotsford, Que., the indefatigable pomoligst, is reported to be making good progress in his journeyings in Norway and Sweden. In his previous trip he accumulated much valuable information, and this will be of great use to all Canadian fruit growers, more especially those in the North-west.

Cardinal Gibbson of Baltimore, is reported as saying: "I am not familiar with the labor organization in Quebec, but it is certain that the Cardinal's hospitality grew out of some local laws or conduct of the Knights which are contrary to the doctrines of the Church. The Catholic prelates will to a man declare in favor of the organization of labor."

The Canadian *Gazette* of August 5 refers to the proposal to establish a Colonial service of Corps de Commissionaires similar to that now working with so much advantage in London and England generally, and states that Sir E. Walter, the chief of the English corps, is about to visit Canada as well as various Australian Colonies, with a view of founding this service.

Henry Labouchere, the editor of *Truth*, is a connection of the Barings, the famous London banking house. This house has a most interesting history and those of our readers who desire to know something of the Barings will find particulars in Vincent Nolte's "Fifty years in both Hemispheres." One of the Barings, who came on a trip to this continent was cautioned by his father not to marry an American and not to buy wild land. He did both, and his purchase of wild land in Mexico led to an interesting item in Mexican history.

Scott Act Detective Edgar, of Guelph, Ont., attempted to bring before the police magistrate of that place, some persons accused of violating the Act. Justice of the Peace Strange of Guelph objected. He said he had known Edgar for years, and would not believe him on oath. "He was a liar, rogue and dead beat—a liar inside and out." The Guelph police magistrate would not commit on the oath of a man who "enjoyed" such a character, and a number af cases were dismissed, others standing over.

Ex-Senator Thurman, of Ohio, one of the great Democratic leaders in the States, expressed aptly the feeling about President Cleveland among the great majority of the best American people: "Mr. Cleveland has demonstrated one thing to the satisfaction of everybody, and that is, that he is an honest, courageous man, and intends to do as nearly right as he knows how. There is no doubt of his sincerity and his courage. People admire courage, and they appreciate honesty. Knowing Mr. Cleveland to possess both, they can overlook minor defects."

Corn Sowing

Is a process conducted by the agency of tight boots all the year round. Corn reaping is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe and sure-pop corn cure. Putnam's Extractor is now widely imitated. Beware of all poisonous and sore producing substitutes.

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A. P. 296

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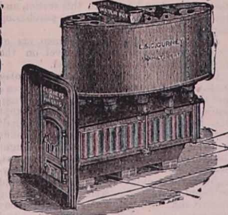

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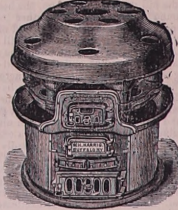

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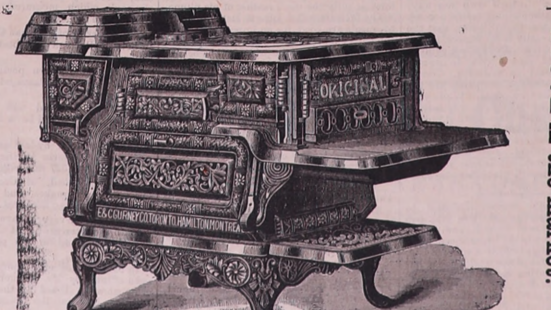

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The Tribune.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1886.

GREEN POINT.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Miss Emma and Jennie Brooks, of Morven, are visiting at H. Carman's.

Miss Brooks, of Rawdon, is the guest of Nr. D. Chepman.

Mr. & Mrs. A. H. Vandusen, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. & Mrs. H. C. Purdy, of Brighton, are guests of Mr. A. Vandusen.

Mrs. Robert Potts, of Hilton. and Mrs. Hinchey, of Belleville, were guests of Mr. Jacob Rathbun last week.

WEST LAKE.

Special Correspondence.

West Lake was well represented at Picton on Friday.

Mrs. and Miss Randall have returned to their home in Chicago.

Mrs. S. Pettet received a paralytic stroke last weok, and is in a very critical condition.

Miss Cushman, of Brooklyn, and her brother from Governeur, were the guests of Miss Johnson recently.

Every one here complains of dry weather, though they say grain is turning out well.

Tho season at the Lake Shore House is closed, it having been too cold for the comfort of the guests several days last week. The house has been open three months, and has been crowded much of the time. Among other distinguished guests, Hon. Oliver Mowatt and Hon. Ed. Blake were there on Saturday last, and expressed themselves as much pleased with the surroundings.

LONSDALE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Death has again taken from our midst another of our young friends in the person of Miss Priscilla Burley, daugher of Ebenezer Burley, of the third concession of Tyendinaga, after a long and painful sickness, which she bore with great patience and resignation. On the 3rd inst., in her last moments, she asked her father if he would give her up and raise her up, which he did. She then said "now Jesus will take care of me," then waved her hand expired. Her funeral was attended on the following Sabbath by a large gathering of friends at the Methodist Church at Melrose, where an able and appropriate sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Peake, of Shannonville, from 2nd Samuel, fourteenth chapter and fourteenth verse: "For we must needs die, and we are as water spilt on the ground, neither doth God respect any person." After which her mortal remains were interred in the burying ground on the fourth concession.

We are sorry to hear the Rev. Mr. Palmer, of Shannonville, is still in a very low state of health with very little hope of recovery.

MILLTOWN.

From Our Own Correspondent

On Friday p. m. Mr. Winters had just finished threshing, and was preparing to leave Mr. Appleby's barn, when the team which draws the engine got the start of the driver and ran away. They started westward on the main road. As they went down the hill with no brakes on, the horses soon found they must go, whether they would or no, and became more and more frightened. They kept to the road till opposite Mrs. Houston's, where some one ran out to stop them, but only succeeded in turning them in towards the cheese factory. Here they were about to run into the building, when Mr. Bradley succeeded in checking them. But just as he did so a bolt gave way, and the front wheels came from under the engine, letting it down with a crash, which sent the horses dashing madly on again over the rocks by the river. They were brought to a stand still behind Mrs. Houston's Hotel. Fortunately, no person was hurt, though a few made narrow escapes. As usual, in times of excitement, there were some laughable scenes. The roll was called rather hastily by some heads of families, for where a threshing-machine is, there will boys congregate. The horses were badly hurt and the engine damaged, but to how great an extent is not learned as yet. Mr. Winters has the sympathy of all in his loss, which must be considerable.

What a beautiful sunset we had on Sunday evening! The peculiar streaks of blue which rose from the horizon through the otherwise rosy sky, gave a very strange effect. As this was all being reflected in the river which lay like a mirror under the bridges, several buggies passed, and the "kye came hame" in their own lazy way, the hazy air, meantime, giving scuh a dreamy look to the picture in the water, that the spectators might easily fancy himself gazing on some scene of enchantment. Could an artist but transfer such a view to his canvass his fame would be enduring. But he might as well attempt to paint the lily white. Nature has no rival. While your correspondent, who is, by the way neither super-aesthetical nor ultra-poetical, found himself chiefly occupied in admiring the beauty of the scene, he would still beg leave to ask of some friend more scientifically disposed, the cause of those radiating streaks of blue through the otherwise roseate sky.

Mr. Bradlaugh, whose admission to the Imperial parliament was so long disputed, has proved himself one of the most able members in the house of commons. He is an exceedingly effective speaker and, espousing the cause of the workingmen, has succeeded in securing the passage of legislation which is destined to prove very beneficial. It is to his efforts that the new Bureau of Labour and Industrial Statistics owes its origin. An annual volume will be issued under the editorship of Mr. Giffen who is the head of the Bureau, and it is confidently expected that employers and employed will alike derive advantage from the circulation of definite and authentic information on matters that so deeply concern them. In this connection we may state that several workingmen in England have been appointed to responsible positions in the government service by both Conservative and Liberal administrations, and these appointments have been justified by results. In Canada, alas, the workingman is only allowed the privilege of being a voting machine.

DEMORESTVILLE.

(From Our Own Correspondent)

In my last communication I said that the hop crop in this vicinity was a very *variable* quantity, but your typo made me say *valuable* quantity. Its value is yet a contingent matter, as the market opens with considerable hesitation, but it still remains as stated some weeks ago a very *variable* quantity. Many of the yards hereabouts have been gathered, showing in the aggregate an unparalleled failure; while a few have given a fair average. Mr. P. Vanmeer and N. Wood have cured about two tons each from not very extensive yards.

A fine young three year old horse belonging to Eddie Boulter, son of Wellington, got terribly lacerated about the chest and forelegs a few days ago on the barbed fence. Dr. McKenna, of Picton, was telegraphed for and was promptly on the spot, and found it necessary to put in about twenty stitches in order to get the wounds in any thing like shape. With the best of care the horse is doing well. This, with hundreds of other instances, shows the necessity of having the wire protected either by a board or a pole on the top, that may serve as a fender to horses or cattle coming near it.

Hop-picking has thinned out the attendance at our schools, but not at all to the extent it has done in former years.

The Rev. Mr. McKinnon, of the Presbyterian Church, preached last Sabbath evening to a large congregation in the Methodist Church, while the Rev. J. C. Ash was preaching in Bloomfield for the District Superintendent, who is attending the General Conference in Toronto.

The Rev. Mr. Summerville preached an able sermon in the Presbyterian Church on Sabbath evening, Aug. 29th.

Our local celebrity, Mr. Ira Barton, of Demorestville, carried off most of the prizes at the late Horticultural Show, Picton, for his oil paintings. These paintings are chiefly original sketches of our magnificent Bay scenery, and richly merit appreciation.

Our Methodist friends on the circuit are preparing for a grand Harvest Home Festival to be held in the Town Hall, Demorestville, on Thursday the 15th. A fine staff of speakers has been secured, including Williams and Browning, of Belleville, Ostrom, of Picton; McCauley, of Cherry Valley; Campbell, of Northport, and a very enjoyable time is anticipated. Tickets 35 cts. Will the Editor of THE TRIBUNE take note and hereby accept an invitation to attend.

Mantle Cloths:—In Ottomans, Jersey Cloths, Matalasses, Curls, Ulstering, &c., in great variety at the Big Store.

READ.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

The Rev. Father McCarthy left last week for the springs on a two weeks vacation.

The Rev. Father Quinn officiated last Sunday at St. Charles' Church. He has charge of this mission during the absence of Father McCarthey.

Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Callaghan, of Campbellford, who have been visiting their relations around this section, have left for home.

Mr. James Hanley, Mr. Thomas Murphy and Mr. John Meagher, Jr., left for Ottawa College on Wednesday.

Mr. Denis Callaghan, of Peterboro, has been visitings his relation here.

Mr. Green, of Belleville, has been pur chasing sheep and cattle in this section and paid good prices. He intends purchasing beef cattle extensively this fall.

Mr. Donald McRae and his men are at present engaged spreading gravel on the country road in this neighborhood.

One evening recently when the McAuley brothers were threshing at Mr. John Egan's and the Buckley brothers at Mr. L. Farringdon's, just at dark word was brought that Mr. Hugh Herald's son, two and a half years old, had been lost. At once all hands and the neighbors turned out and sought diligently through the fields and swamps, even the wells, and so continued until daylight, but no tidings of the lost child could be found. As parties were again preparing to start out word was brought that the boy was safe at Mrs. McKinney's where he had strayed the night before, and the old lady had kept him until morning. It is needless to add that the parents were overjoyed at finding their lost child once more.

We have had gloriously fine weather during the past week, although the days have been very warm. This month so far appears like the September we had some six years ago, wheh we had August weather all through the month with intense heat.

We are glad to see that your correspondent from the fourth concession is still in the land of the living. He must be careful not to run against the Plumed Knight nor to taint or sully the *white* feather of his plume.

The farmers will rejoice to learn that the prospects are good for an improved state in the barley market this year, The present indications are that the prices will be better. It is about time that the prices of grain should take an upward turn as for years past the price of grain has been so low that farming has been a poor business.

We thank B.C.W.B.W. for the verses received and will place them in the archives. The subject of the poem is still living.

A large number from this section attended the Napanee fair on Tuesday.

BIRTHS.

TRIMBLE:—In Napanee, on Aug. 30th, the wife of Mr. Thos. Trimble, of a son.

BUTLER:—In Napanee on Thursday, Sept. 2, the wife of Mr. M. J. Butler, of a son.

GUNYOU.—At Deseronto, on the 7th inst., the wife of Mr. Simeon Gunyou, of a daughter.

YOTT.—At Deseronto, on the 29th August, the wife of Mr. Mathew Yott, of a son.

RATHBUN:—At Deseronto, on the 8th inst, the wife of Mr. Herbert B. Rathbun, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

MACLEOD—ALEXANDER:—On the 8th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Hillier, by the Rev. W. T. Wilkins, M.A., of Trenton, the Rev. A. K. Macleod, Presbyterian minister of Brighton, to Miss Delia, the only daughter of James Alexander, Esq., of Hillier.

Full range of Cashmeres better value than ever, just to hand at the Big Store.

CONTINUED.

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GREAT DISCOUNT SALE

—AT THE—

NEW STORE

(Smith's Block.)

Will be continued till the First of September.

Our stock of DRESS GOODS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, SILKS, LACES, MUSLINS, LAWNS, PARASOLS, HANDKERCHIEFS, CORSETS, PRINTS, CRETONS, MILLINERY, BOOTS & SHOES, READYMADE CLOTHING, is very large and must be reduced before our Fall Stock of imported goods arrive.

No such offer will present itself again this season —TEN PER CENT OFF OUR CLOSE QUOTATIONS—makes our goods CHEAPER than can be procured in the retail trade.

A second quotation is never made. And our store is the only business house where the full benefit of a discount sale can be realized.

G. E. FRASER,

August, 14th, 1886.

Deseronto and Picton.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Swamp lands at Ernestown are to be drained at a cost of $7,000.

Mr. Sexton's Belfast amendment has been rejected by 225 to 128.

Fully three-fourths of the city of Charleston will have to be rebuilt.

The German flag has been hauled down on the Caroline Islands.

Mr. Samuel Morley, ex-M. P. for Bristol, died on Saturday night.

Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall, of New York, died of apoplexy on Saturday.

Geronimo's Indians have surrendered unconditionally to Gen. Miles.

Sir Edward Thornton, British ambassador to Turkey, has been recalled.

The death of Sir Alexander Campbell's son was the result of an accident.

Scottish miners have formed a Federal Union for the purpose of redressing their grievances.

The Belfast police force is to be increased by 500 men. Barracks will be built in the disorderly quarters.

Hamilton is considering the advisability of offering a bonus for the removal of Victoria College in that city.

The French press insists upon the occupation of the New Hebrides, if only for the prevention of European massacres.

A German war vessel has been bombarding native villages on the New Hebrides, as a punishment for recent massacres.

The Rev. John Walton, of Collinsby, died last Sunday morning after a long illness.

Queen's College spends $1,000 a year in prizes for art students, to which may be added $930, offered to theological students, and $240 to medical students, about $2,100 in all.

A large bald headed egale landed at Mr. Gillespie's place, Howe Island, and attacked a pup. Its mother flew to its assisance, and, aided by Mr. Gillespie's son, killed the eagle, which measured from tip to tip six feet five inches.

The Superior of a Roman Catholic mission in British Burmah has been murdered by robbers.

Crops in the western portion of Scotland have been severely damaged by unusually heavy rain.

It is said England will abandon Port Hamilton, as it would be a source of weakness in time of war.

The Woodstock by-law granting $10,000 to the West Ontario Pacific extension, has been carried by 527 majority.

Prof. Hammond, of Oregon, predicts cyclones, earthquakes, and tornadoes for the 26th, 27th, and 28th inst.

A party of surveyors have gone to Anticosti in the interest of the Colonization Company to report as to the prospects of the scheme.

In consequence of a compromise having been effected by Mr. Parnell and the Government with regard to the latter's Land Bill, it is believed the House will adjourn on the 15th inst.

The second battalion of Grenadier Guards has been sent to Ireland.

Russia is making every endeavor to form an alliance with Turkey.

The Irish National League received £3,000 from America last week.

A number of county police on riot duty at Belfast have been sent home.

Russian troops are being shipped from Odessa, ostensibly for the Crimea, more probably for Bulgaria.

A Madrid paper says Germany has abandoned her right to establish a naval station on the Caroline Islands.

Wonderful is the effect of West's World's Wonder or family Liniment in Rheumatism, Sprains Cuts Bruises, Burns, Scalds and all diseases requiring external application. It stands without a rival. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Sold by W. G. Egar.
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FURNITURE
At Greatly Reduced
Prices for the
FALL.

DISTRICT.

Diphtheria is prevalent in Peterboro.

Cornwall has decided to obtain connection with the C. P. R. system.

The late fires in Belleville will give an impulse to the water works scheme.

The Kingston *Whig* calls for the abolition of toll gates.

Byers, a Brockville lad, was killed on Saturday by a G. T. R. express.

C. M. Douglas, Clayton, who cut his throat a week ago, while drunk, died on Friday.

There is much growling by exchanges about the peddler nuisance.

Thousands of acres in the vicinty of Flinton are covered with blackberries this year.

Mr. E. R. Huyck, of Tweed, is building a three-story brick hotel in that progressive village.

The Napanee corps of the Salvation Army has decided to erect a barracks with a capacity for 700 people.

Lennox people are moving for the appointment of Mr. Cousins, of Enterprise, as a magistrate for the enforcement of the Scott Act.

Joseph Cassan, of East Seymour, had his hand bitten by a pike which he had caught, and a few days afterwards amputation was necessary.

Belleville's imports for August were $34,625 an increase of $18,522 over same month last year; exports $33,047, a decrease of $12,576.

Mr Keefer, Civil Engineer, favors the new Belleville water works.

Picton had a successful bicycle tournament on Wednesday.

Archdeacon Lauder has settled the difficulty in Christ Church, Gananoque, by a temporary compromise arrangement.

The improvement on the Presbyterian Church at Gananoque will cost $8,350.

Tweed is agitating incorperation as a village.

Thomasburg boasts of its big eggs and potatoes, but does not relish the idea of railway connection.

Rose Acker, of Tyendinaga, charged with fraudulently appropriating $175 to her own use, was discharged by the magistrate.

$400 will be spent by the Dominion Government in removing the dangerous reefs at Westport harbour on the Rideau Canal.

The stages between Arden and Tamworth are carrying an increased quantity of freight and passengers.

The Gilmour Company and the town of Trenton are still at loggerheads about the water privilege.

It is thought that the council of Ernestown will drain swamp lands at a cost of $7,000.

Mr. Amos Kimmerly, of Napanee, won the grand aggregate medal of the Dominion Association Rifle matches at Ottawa.

The blacksmith and carriage shops belonging to W. L. Peters, of Enterprise, was burned last week. A large barn on the farm of Mrs. Rachael Huffman near Moscow was also destroyed by fire.

The Deaf and Dumb Institute at Belleville reopened on Wednesday with about 240 students in attendance.

James Main, of Bridgewater, has been gazetted clerk of the Eleventh Division Court of Hastings in the room and stead of W. Ashley, resigned.

It is said that the A. O. U. W. lodges in the Bay of Quinte district will have a grand demonstration at an early day.

W. G. Wilson, Napanee, has decided to accept $3,000 for the site of the new post-office.

Robt. Weddell, of Trenton, is the successful tenderer for the building of the three bridges on the Murray canal.

Not long since a boy from Rochester, N. Y., was visiting at Stirling and became fondly attached to a pair of pidgeons owned by the gentleman at whose house he was stopping. Upon the boy leaving for home he was presented with the birds, and carefully carried them home with him. About a week later the pidgeons returned to Stirling and took possession of their old quarters.

The Belleville *Intelligencer* says: "A modern one-sided love affair was ventilated in the police court on Saturday. Frank Loomis, of Shannonville, was the defendant. He is married and lives with his wife, yet he has been persistent in his attentions to a young lady in the village. Loomis took to writing her notes in hieroglyphics, furnishing a key. They were highly objectionable. The young lady's brother found Loomis one night and intercepted him. A fight ensued, in which Loomis drew a revolver, but got the worst of it. The magistrate committed the man to the county gaol for safety."

As Mr. Gillen was on his way home from Erinsville last Tuesday he gave a ride to an elderly lady by the name of Mrs. Larkin. Between Hungerford and Sheffield where old Morris lives, she requested Mr. Gillen to let her out. The buggy was stopped, and Mr. Gillen requested the old lady to remain still, while he held the horse. She unfortunately did not wait but stood erect in the buggy. Putting her hand on the dashboard she dropped her parasol over. It struck the horse and the jerking of the rig caused the old lady to loose her balance. She fell between the front wheel and the spring of the buggy. When she was picked up she was unconscious and her head was fearfully cut. Mrs. Larkin lived until 12 o'clock the next day. Deceased was taken to her son's place some five miles distant, and buried in the cemetery at Stoco.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

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Pimples" are sure to disappear if you will purify your blood by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "I was severely troubled with pimples on the face; also, with a discoloration of the skin. External treatment afforded only temporary relief.

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JACK'S QUEEN; OR, Light at Last.

Sir Percy leaves the ball-room for the cooler air of a corridor, and there he finds, gazing with a melancholy aspect upon the lamp-lighted grounds, Captain Dallas, and it suddenly strikes him that the young officer has looked woe-begone the entire evening.

"Don't disturb yourself," he says, as Dallas looks round with a start.

"Hot, isn't it? I feel half-choked," returns the other.

"We will take a stroll outside, if you like," says Sir Percy, with his usual kindness; and Dallas agrees.

They pass the ball-room on their way to the garden, and the soldier halts a moment to contemplate the dancers.

"The 'Blue Danube.' Ah, there's Jack and Lady Glencairn! The poetry of motion, isn't it? It reminds me of Idlehurst days, when he rode and drove and sang and danced with Miss North——"

"It is hotter here than anywhere," says Glencairn hastily; and they go outside to the fresh cold night air.

Dallas walks to and fro with his head bent, and his general manner dejected to a degree, and he answers his companion at random and abstractedly.

"I am afraid that something is troubling you, Dallas," says Sir Percy at last, and speaking very kindly.

"Yes," says Dallas, with another long-drawn sigh.

"Can I be of any service to you?"

"You! Gracious Heaven, Glencairn, it's like coals of fire to hear you speak so! You have always been kind to me, why I don't know——"

"If you wish to know, the plain reason is that amid temptation you kept your white life white, and I admired you for it."

"What will you say to me when I tell you that from the first time I saw Miss North I loved her? It's the truth, Sir Percy; you may kick me if you like; but I can't help it, any more than I could help loving her most devotedly and most hopelessly."

There is a dead silence, Dallas putting his hand before his eyes.

"You are angry, Glencairn——"

"Angry? I am very sorry for you, Dallas, and I thank you for your candor and confidence you place in me. At the same time——"

"You would advise me to go away. There will be war soon, it is said. In any case, I shall not stay here, like a moth round a candle. Not the first nor the only one, though," he adds, half audibly.

"I beg your pardon," says Sir Percy, rather coldly.

"Oh, you're a lucky fellow, Glencairn!" replies Dallas, with a short laugh. "You have won the prize so many of us wanted! Fortunate for you that of us all you were the richer, I won't say the dearer—while Jack Wylder lives."

There is a kind of pause, a halt on both sides, and then Glencairn strikes out from the shoulder with such force that Dallas goes down like a block of wood, and his chastiser stands over him with eyes that flame with indignation and lips white with anger.

"You contemptible liar, dare again to speak of my wife in that tone, presume again to address me or mine on any pretext, and, by Heaven, I'll kill you!"

And then, still quivering with rage and scorn, he returns to the house, whilst Captain Dallas slowly raises himself from the ground with a mutttred malediction that ends in a threat of vengeance.

* * * * * * *

The strains of the "Blue Danube" die away; and then Jack and I go and eat ices, and, after that is done, I look round for Percy; but he is not to be seen. Jack being engaged to Miss Lamarche, Mr. Hawdon asks me to give him this dance; but I laugh, and decline to throw over Percy, wondering where he has gone.

"I'll take you back to the ball-room, if you please," says Cecil, "and then I'll hunt up Glencairn for you."

And we were walking leisurely back when we meet Captain Dallas in his long coat; he looks pale and odd, or I imagine so.

"Not going, are you?" asks Cecil.

"Yes. Most stupid affair I ever was at!"

"Complimentary to the General and his guests, any way!"

"I can't help it, so I'm off. Good night, Hawdon."

And, with a nod, he passes by, without taking the least notice of me. It is the first time I have been cut, the first time I encountered rudeness, and the experience is not pleasant. Careless though Cecil Hawdon be, he reddens to the temples.

"Bad temper makes a man a bear, Lady Glencairn," he says apologetically, "and Dallas is all wrong to-night."

"It is of no consequence," I reply, nor is it, though I resolve that Dallas shall apologize before I again acknowledge him.

When I find Percy, he is pale, and there is altogether something unusual in his appearance.

"It is late," he says. "Shall we go, do you think?"

"Are you not well?" I ask.

"To speak the truth, I am not, Vera."

"Then we certainly shall not remain, Percy."

He is fastening my cloak when the voice of Lady Spleuchan, who generally speaks *pro bono publico*, breaks on my ear.

"Yes, he looks queer; I fancy some one has enlightened him, and he really has been very blind. I was told by the Captain that——"

Percy draws my arm within his and leads me away, and we are soon homeward bound. He sits in his corner of the carriage so still and silent that I slip my hand into his with a feeling of pity.

"Has anything annoyed you, Percy?" I ask.

"I had a slight unpleasantness with Captain Dallas."

"I think he generally is unpleasant, dear," I return. "So he has been setting up his bristles at you, has he?"

"People speak very well of him, do they not?"

"Yes; I have heard him held up as a pattern young man, an ornament to Her Majesty's service," I reply, with a faint sigh, as I reflect in what a different tone they speak of Jack; and Percy is again silent and abstracted.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Here's Tip back again, Vera," says Jack, entering my room one morning, when the ball is some days old; "he can't make up his mind which house is his. How is Sir Percy?"

"He is very well. Don't stand there like a sentinel."

"I can't stay; but I wanted to leave this animal. Hawdon and I are going to Kew. By-the-way, I saw Dallas the other night, and he cut me."

"Cut you! What have you done?" I ask, amazed.

"What haven't I done, rather? I suppose he has suddenly awakened to a sense of my manifold iniquities; he always was cranky, though; to be so is the privilege of the good."

"I think he is very peculiar, Jack."

"Maybe so. However, he needn't trouble himself to cut me, for he's the last man living for whom I would lament. How are all the Idlehurst people?"

"I had a long letter from aunt Mary this morning. I shall try to persuade Percy to go there soon."

Jack has not been long on his way to Mr. Hawdon ere Percy comes in with a letter he wishes me to read, and, as he enters, he stumbles over Tip.

"Has Major Wylder been here this morning?" he asks quickly.

"Yes," I reply briefly, as I scan the note.

"And he was here yesterday?"

"Yes. Don't you remember the lovely flowers he left?"

"He comes very often, does he not, Vera?"

"Not more often than usual, Percy. And the poor fellow has scarcely anywhere else to go."

Percy begins walking up and down the room until I have read the letter, and then he halts, turning the leaves of a magazine that lies on my table.

"You knew him very well at Idlehurst, I suppose?" he says, without looking at me.

"I always knew Jack well, Percy. Somehow we two always seemed to go together, from the days when we played on the beach until now."

"You saw him frequently at Idlehurst?"

"He was our only visitor, except the clergyman and old ladies like my aunts. Oh, yes, we saw Jack often!"

And then I go off into a long discourse of our many adventures until, remembering the advice given me by Constance not to talk much of Jack, I pull up, and Percy stands in the same position, his restless hand turning the leaves, an upright line between his brows. Possibly he has had a difference of opinion with his publishers, or he is pulling through those hours of pain known only to an author or artist, when the founts of imagination seem dried up, the fields of fancy sterile and bare.

However he escorts me to the carriage, as I am going to Rydall House. I find Constance at home with Garry the Less nestled beside her, looking, with his velvet suit and bright hair, like a small Stuart prince stepped from a painting. She tells me that there are wars and rumours of wars, and that she has heard that all the officers have been ordered to rejoin their regiments and hold themselves in general readiness.

"That may be only a rumour," she says; "Captain Dallas has gone back to his quarters; but that is nothing to go by, as he never knows his own mind for two moments. *A propos* of Dallas, is it true that he cut Percy the other day?"

"Cut Percy!" I echo, with indignation.

"It certainly sounds rather like saying that Mr. Hobbs cut the Prince of Wales; but so I was told."

"He cut Jack, I know," is my reply.

"I don't wonder at that, if he has any self-respect."

"There are worse than Jack, nevertheless."

"I think you are reasonble on every subject but that unfortunate one, Vera; there you are not only unreasonable, but foolish and wrong."

"Wrong in what manner, Constance?"

"Be guided by me, Vera, for I know the world as you do not: you will never win its approval by receiving Jack as you do."

"I have never sought its approval, Constance; I should be almost sorry to have it. So long as I do what is right I do not care; I know that, when I come to give an account of my stewardship, the world's approval or scorn will neither help nor injure me."

"And are you actually brave enough to bear its sneer and its slanders? I doubt if Sir Percy be."

"Our strength of endurunce on that point may never be tested," I reply.

On arriving home, I find a note from Edith Lamarche awaiting me, and from this I learn that she desires me to accompany her to the concert in aid of the distressed Patagonians, for which the service of distinguished artistes have been attained. The programme is highly attractive, and I resolve to go, with a sudden regret that that night Percy is to dine with the members of the Furious Club, and so cannot accompany us.

"From whom is your note?" he asks, entering.

"From Edith," I reply. "She wishes me to go to the Patagonian concert. Mr. Baring is to be of the party."

"Any one else?" he asks.

"Mrs. Chester, of course, and she says that Cecil Hawdon has promised to bring Jack. I suppose I may write and say that I will go?"

He is silent for a moment, and then, to my surprise, answers—

"I would very much rather you did not, Vera."

"Oh! What is your reason?" I ask, blankly.

"I cannot give it to you. But I don't wish you to go, unless I accompany you. However, if it will disappoint you not to go, Vera, I will take you."

"And spoil your own pleasure? No indeed, I should not enjoy myself at all; and of course I shall not go, as you don't wish it."

I write a brief note to Edith, declining; and he stands gazing through the window. I am very much surprised, for never before has he interfered with my plans and amusements. The little frostiness has of late increased, though what its cause may be I know not. Also I am disappointed, for, being passionately found of music, the concert would have been a delight; instead, I have the prospect of a lonely evening, as all my friends will be listening to Edward Lloyd, and the Rydalls will be at Marlborough House. But I do not appeal against the quiet firmness of my husband's decision, mysterious though it be.

So, on the concert night, he goes away to his dinner, and I compose myself for a long read; instead of that, my thoughts wander off in trying to discover the cause of that small touch of ice which of late has appeared in my husband's manner. Has he discovered that I am below his standard? Does he wish that he had chosen a daughter of his own land, who could understand his love of country, and, sharing its glories, awaken by power of sympathy all the enthusiasm of his nature?

I love the Highlands, I love the history of its heroes; but—I have no yearning for Lochdui now. Percy has however, and I may melt the ice by proposing to go there. I will do it; and, so resolving, I get my old ballad-book and sing the lays heroic until I stray into the plaintive "We are landless, landless, landless!"

"It is exactly like Idlehurst, when I used to find you alone, our venerable relatives having gone to tea and toast, and the curate at Miss Smither's," says a voice; and I start up, quite unaware that I have had an auditor.

"Why, Jack," I exclaim) "didn't you go to the concert!"

"Not I! Miss Lamarche told me you were not going, and Cecil threw me over, so I did not care to go. But why did not you?"

"Percy did not wish me to go, Jack; so I stayed at home, as you see."

"Your Jeames or Chawles, or whatever his name may be, told me that Sir Percy had gone out to dinner. Why did he leave you to mope? I wonder why it is that there's always an aunt Priscilla to interfere with your enjoyments?"

"But Percy could not very well take me to the Furious Club dinner," I reply, and Jack retorts that that is the very reason why he should have allowed me to go to the concert.

He changes his position, so that the light falls full upon him, and I notice the pallor of his face—not an ordinary whiteness, but a strange grayish hue that I have never seen before.

"Have you been ill, Jack?" I inquire.

"Not up to the mark, certainly, for a long time, and I felt awfully out of sorts to-night."

"Is it true that there will be war?"

"Quite true," he answers briefly. "But never mind that now; go on with your music, and we'll have a concert of our own."

So I obey; and I play all the old Idlehurst airs, until Jack says he must go, and, rising, holds out his hand.

"You were very good to come—to give up your evening," I say; "and I haven't missed the concert at all."

"Poor little Vera; I wonder if you will ever learn worldly wisdom?" he returns, and then bids me good night.

"I shall see you again soon, Jack," I say, as he reaches the door; and he turns round to say that it is very likely.

I think I shall never lose sight of Jack, so standing; the little picture rises quite vividly before me. O my heart, little thought I what our next meeting would be!

Percy is late in returning, and in the morning he asks me if I were lonely, or if I went to Rydall House.

"They were not at home," I reply; "but I was not lonely, as Jack came."

"Was Major Wylder here last night?" Percy says quickly, almost sharply.

"Yes; he did not go to the concert, after all."

"Did he know that you were not going?"

"Oh, yes; that was why he came here, I suppose! So we had a concert of our own."

His great dark eyes are fixed upon me with a curious expression; there is a sparkle in them strange to me; is it anger, dislike, or what?

"There are one or two questions I wish to ask you," he says, leaning back in his chair; "they touch on a painful subject; but I do not ask from idle curiosity. You have not forgotten the last occasion of Major Wylder being in his sister's house?"

"No," I answer, my face suddenly flashing.

"I believe you went with Lord Rydall to Major Wylder's house; have you any objection to tell me what passed?"

I do not reply, for the simple reason that I cannot; a great lump rises in my throat and chokes me.

"Was Lord Rydall present all the time?"

"No, he was not," I manage to utter; all the horror, the fear, the agony of that night rushes back upon me.

"Will you tell me what passed? It is one thing for Garry to ask, another for me!"

"But Garry didn't ask, Percy."

"It is not likely that he would; but between husband and wife there should be no secrets. You have twice evaded my question; I again ask you, what passed between you and Major Wylder that night—since which you have never been the same?"

"I cannot tell you, Percy. I never can tell any one, and I never will."

"'Trust me all in all, or not at all,'" he quotes, looking fixedly at me.

"I do trust you, Percy. I have always trusted you; but I cannot tell that—and indeed, my dear, it would not please you, or—or—"

"I am sure of that," he interrupts. "Am I to understand that you refuse to tell me?"

"Because I cannot. No, Percy, I can never tell any one."

"Very well," he says, inclining his head; and then a sudden alarm strikes me.

"Don't ask Jack, Percy," I entreat. "Please do not speak of it to him. I beg you."

"I shall certainly not ask Major Wylder for information which my wife refuses to give me," he answers very coldly.

I think we sit for an hour in silence. My head aches; there is a mist before my eyes and a cold dew breaking out on my brow, whilst a vague nameless terror gnaws at my heart. Percy sits without moving, a pamphlet in his hand; but I know that he is not reading. Every time a leaf rustles I think he is going to speak, and look up with quickened pulses, to find he is apparently unconscious of my presence. Thus sixty minutes go by.

"Major Wylder has not been here to-day," he says; and I start and color as the silence is broken. "Is he likely to call?"

"I don't know, Percy, I asked him to come again soon."

"I am sorry that you did so," he says, rising, and speaking in the same cold passionless tones, without looking at me—"very sorry; because it is my painful duty to forbid him the house."

"Percy!"

I gasp out his name; and then I sit staring at him, with lips twitched by my hurried breathing.

"I decline to receive Major Wylder under my roof," he repeats. "In so doing, I simply follow his sister's example."

He then turns to leave the room; but as he passes me I spring up and stop him, I cannot speak for a moment. I press one hand on my throat, the other to my dizzy head, and he gazes at me with that sparkle in his eyes, born of some feeling by me as yet undefined.

"Percy—stop! Don't do that, don't forbid Jack the house—don't I could not bear it!" I utter, in a deep hoarse voice that is strange in my own ears.

"You could not bear it?"

"No; for he has only me, and I have promised to be his friend—promised that nothing would ever change me. Oh, Percy, though the whole world be against him, yet let you and I remain true, his friends through good and ill!"

"What reason have I to follow such a course?"

"None, none! What reason is there for anything? None except that he has been good to me, that, when I had no one, he was my friend, my patient, kind companion, enlivening my solitude and loneliness! I promised to be his friend—with me he is at his best—yes, truly, Percy. Tell me, I implore you, what reason have you for thus changing—for becoming his enemy?"

"I have not changed. I have never approved of his coming here; and now that I know how the world views him, and the construction it puts upon his visits, I say most positively and most decidedly that the visits are not to be continued, and that he is to be treated by us as he is treated by Lord and Lady Rydall."

"And dare you do this?" I ask breathlessly; and his eyes flash into mine for a moment as he answers—

"Yes, Lady Glencairn, I dare do anything."

"And do you think that you will not be answerable for Jack Wylder's ruin if you dare do this? Do you think that none of his sins will be laid at your door, or do you hold that to drive a man to desperation is a merit?"

"I do not altogether understand you, I fear."

"Percy, I do not boast, I do not say this in vanity; but I verily believe that, humanly speaking, mine is the only hand that keeps him from ruin and leads him along the right path. Why it should be I know not; but my influence brings out his best qualities. For me he would do much; with me he is rightly guided."

"That may be so; but what is he to you that you should do it?"

"What is he to me?" I exclaim. "Why, if he were a stranger and I could so save or help him, do you think I would turn from it? But what is he not to me? Friend and brother and helper when I had no other; dearer to me than he was to his own sister, to me always kind and gentle, and but for his most miserable marriage, might have been——"

"Stop!" cries Percy, his eyes again flashing, "or, by Heavens, you will drive me to desperation and to madness!"

I have never seen anything approaching anger in Percy before, and it terrifies me. I shrink away and gaze at him in astonishment. This blaze of wrath from the calm stately gentleman, from the proud young Highland chief, to me hitherto so gentle, is simply appalling. He recovers himself very quickly, and a cold repose settles in his face and manner; but I do not complete my sentence—"but for this most miserable marriage might have been equally dear to Constance and to you;" it remains for ever broken and unfinished.

"You do not deny your affection for Major Wylder?"

"There is no reason why I should."

"You understood what I have said; I shall not repeat it; and you must act as you please. Simply allow me to remind you that you bear a name on which no shadow has ever rested, and which it has been my glory to keep unstained."

And then, with a slight inclination of the head, he leaves me.

My heart is torn with its divided allegiance, and I sit there in mental torture. Alas, the Laird of Glencairn is carrying his motto into my life, he is bringing "fire and sword" now!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Her Request.

Post-masters are often spoken of as being "public servants," and so they are; but their servitude has some limitation, as the post-master who received the following letter probably thought, and even the post-master general could not blame him for being indignant, and throwing it in the fire.

"Dear Sir: Please to write as soon as you get this, and inform me as follows:

"Is there a man named J. B. Dillworth in your town, and what is he doing, and what are his wages, and does he own any property in his own name, and does he drink to what one might call excess. Is he living in good style, and how is his house furnished?

"Also inform me by return of mail if said Dillworth has a wife, and let me know full particulars about her, as to her age, maiden name, and give me a description of her personal appearance and anything else you can think of; your wife might be a good person to find out this.

"I would like to know also if this Dillworth gets any letters from here. If he does, please describe the handwriting on them, or if you can send me a sample of it, it would be better.

"Please write at once, as I am in a hurry."

The Angels Were Well Rid of Him.

The new baby had proved itself the possessor of extraordinary vocal powers and had exercised them much to Johnny's annoyance.

One day he said to his mother:

"Ma, little brother came from Heaven, didn't he?"

"Yes, dear."

Jonny was silent for some time, and then he went on:

"Say, ma."

"What is it, Johnny?"

"I don't blame the angels for bouncing him, do you?"—

"Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." This is the motto Mayor Howland of Toronto has caused to be blazoned in blue and gold in a conspicuous place in his office in the Toronto City Hall.

Can Imagination Kill.

This is, perhaps, hardly the correct form of question that *The British and Colonial Druggist* puts to itself in discussing the death of the young women at Hackney under circumstances in which a certain insect powder largely figured. As the powder appears, by Dr. Tidy's experiment, to be perfectly harmless, the suggestion is not unnaturally made that the deceased, who was possibly of a hysterical, highly imaginative turn of mind, took the powder in the full belief that by its means her death might be accomplished. The writer of the article in our contemporary, we think wrongly brings forward two remarkable instances of what may be regarded as practical jokes with melancholy terminations. In the case of the convict delivered up to the scientist for the purpose of a psychological experiment (the man was strapped to a table and blindfolded, ostensibly to be bled to death; a siphon containing water was placed near his head, and the fluid was allowed to trickle audibly into a vessel below it, at the same time that a trifling scratch with a needle was inflicted on the culprit's neck; it is said that death occurred at the end of six minutes) fear must have played no inconsiderable share in the fatal result and we do not know whether all the vital organs were in a sound condition, though they were presumably so. The old story of the case of a college porter is also one in point. The students entrapped him into a room at night, a mock inquiry was held, and the punishment of death by decapitation decreed for his want of consideration to the students. It is small wonder that, under the dominion of fear and belief in the earnestness of his tormentors, the sight of an ax and block, with subsequent blindfolding and necessary genuflection, a smart rap with a wet towel on the back of his neck should have been followed by the picking up of a corpse.

Breach, Rupture, or Hernia.

Cures guaranteed in the worst cases. No knife or truss treatment. Pamphlet and references, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Tommy asked his mother if the school teacher's ferrule was a piece of the board of education.

Don't You Know

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to *death*? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundred of thousands of grateful men and woman in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All druggists.

Slang is not elegant, but it is of wonderful assistance to suffering humanity.

They Will Not Do It.

Those who once take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" will never consent to use any other cathartic. They are pleasant to take and mild in their operation. Smaller than ordinary pills and inclosed in glass vials; virtues unimpaired. By druggists.

Lord Cohelmondeley spent $10,000 in England in advertising the sale of Houghton, Lord Walpole's seat, and didn't get a purchaser after all.

A FREE FIGHT.

The great reputation of Briggs' Electric Oil is such that it has induced unprincipled persons to adopt other names as near like it as possible. The proprietors of Briggs' Electric Oil have the name and style of the Electric Oil registered both in Canada and the United States, and no one can use it but themselves.

Others hearing of the success of Briggs' Electric Oil have adopted other names similar, such as "Eclectric Oil," "Electron Oil," &c., and are striving to induce the public to buy them instead of the genuine Electric Oil.

In fact so determined were they that they brought a suit at Law, in the High Court of Canada, to deprive Briggs & Sons of their right to control the same; but the Courts and the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa fully sustained their registered trade mark.

Briggs' Electric Oil cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises, complaints arising from Colds such as Sore Throat, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and difficult Breathing.

The widow of Meyerbeer, the composer, who recently died in Germany, left a fortune of $2,500,000.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS,

opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and *kindred habits*. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it *if so desired*. Send 6c in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Luben, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Cut this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

Harry, aged five, had never happened to see the moon in the daytime. He came down to breakfast the other morning shrieking with laughter. "Why, Harry, what's the matter?" inquired his mother. "Oh, mamma," said he, as soon as he could speak, "I have got such a good joke on the Lord; he's forgot to take his moon in.

THE TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE.—Re-opens Wednesday, Sept. 1st. Vacancy for two hundred more students, on Shorthand, Type-writing, Book-keeping, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Drawing, Painting and Perspective, and all other Commercial and English Courses. All graduates helped in procuring good situations. Apply immediately. 37, 39 and 41 Adelaide St E., Toronto.

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Manufacturer and dealer in Tarred Felt, Roofing Pitch, Building Papers, Carpet and Deafening Felt,

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4 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

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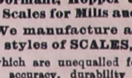

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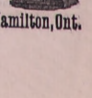

which are unequalled for accuracy, durability and elegance of finish.

OSBORNE & CO., Hamilton, Ont.

AMONG THE LION TAMERS.

A Wedding Breakfast Near Paris—Mlle. Zelia's Frank Conversation.

The Pezons are a family of lion tamers, and they have been so these forty or fifty years. Originally there were five brothers of that name who travelled all over France, going to country fairs to exhibit lions and bears, over which they had acquired complete control. Their show took, and to-day the descendants of these five brothers own mere menageries than I could count on all my fingers, and are better known than even the famous Barnum himself. One of the original five is a successful farmer in the Brie country; another was murdered by one of his employees in a burst of passion; a third died a natural death; the fourth was so badly bitten by lions that he departed this life leaving some of his flesh in their bellies, and the fifth is the "Monsieur" Baptiste Pezon, whose daughter was to be married to Alock the 5th of August. So when I said I'd like to go, Bidel said, "That'll be all right," and in due time my invitation to the wedding breakfast reached me.

It read that the noce would be in the Salon des Familles out at Saint Mande, a queer little suburban village made up of a single street and bordering on the edge of Vincennes Park, just the other side of the fortifications around Paris. There were a hundred or so men and women present, and Pezon said "They're all in the profesh" with as much pride as friend Zimmerman will find in telling his Philadelphia acquaintances about what he saw and suffered in Europe.

I looked around me and saw a curious group. It was almost wholly made up of those mountebanks, wrestlers, dwarfs, giants, fat women, bad actors, and wild beast tamers that in America would be known as "side-show" people. Yes, they are indeed Bohemians, but I believe that every man present was an honest man and that every woman is virtuous as she understands it. Ignorant, illiterate, dirty, too often given to drink, these kind of mortals may be, but they never rob nor cheat their fellow man.

THEY MAKE GOOD FAMILIES,

even if they are nomads, and there was never a child in the Chester valley that honors its father and its mother more than do these vagabonds of the Continent. The profession is handed down from father to son and to daughters like a title of nobility. It has been so for ages and it will continue to be for many generations to come.

At Saint Mande M. Pezon requested the gentlemen to give their arms to the ladies and escort them to the dining room. I offered mine at hazard and captured a prize, and no mistake about it. For the most part those seated at the long table were all cel ebrities. There were some fifteen or sixteen Pezons, half a dozen Bidels, two or three of some other family famous in their present generation present, not to mention widows whose husbands had been killed behind the iron bars. My pretty young neighbour broke the ice by pointing out the man Well, who was nearly eaten up by lions at Nantes last spring, and then she told me that her name was Mlle. Zelia, and that she was the principal performer at the Auni Menagerie.

I found myself very much taken with my fair neighbor. Here was a woman not more than 20 years of age, good looking, and with a waist made for anything but a struggle with ferocious beasts—an exquisite being, so to speak, not coarse nor powerful in appearance, who smiled on me very nicely, indeed, and who spoke of

MAKING THE KING OF BEASTS CROUCH

at her feet in a tone of voice that showed she thought no more of it than any Canadian girl would of munching a box of bonbons. She goes into a lion's cage without any other defence than her personal courage; she keeps her eyes fixed without flinching on their glaring eyeballs, puts her white jewelled fingers through their tawny manes, pulls them around, tosses them, calls them by name in her soft voice; they rub themselves caressingly against her shapely legs—enclosed, of course, in neatly-fitting tights—roll at her feet like kittens, and when she stoops her pretty face toward them and says, "Kiss me quick," they lovingly touch their fierce nostrils to her rosy cheeks. At her command they jump through the hoops, stand on their hind legs, lay their great heads on her knees, and stand motionless as she stretches herself out

AT FULL LENGTH ON THEIR BACKS.

All this she told me, she did ten or a dozen times in the course of a single evening, and then, when there were no more spectators, the gas was turned off, the lions stretched out their tired limbs on the straw, and she took off her tights and tinselled bodice. But before she goes home she gives a last look at her pets to see they are properly cared for and that their cages are securely fastened.

"Has a lion never been bitten or scratched by your lions?" I asked Mlle. Zelia, after she had told me all this.

"Oh, yes, several times. You ought to see my body. I have scars all over it," she answered.

I glanced at her. Nothing could be more serious than she looked. Ought to see her body! Well, I never! But I said nothing, and she continued: "I was once very badly bitten in the thigh, and here on my arm, where you see this white scar. Brutus's teeth met one day through the flesh. He was only in play, however, and had no intention of hurting when he snapped at me. The poor fellow almost broke his heart over the accident." Then she told me about a cub, born only ten days ago, a son of Brutus, and not any bigger than a puppy dog. Its eyes are not open yet, but by the time they are it will have a playmate, for Queen Margot. She also informed me that she does not allow her lionesses to suckle their cubs, but provides them as soon as they are born with canine wet nurses, which become very fond of their lion foster-children.

All good things must come to an end, and this wedding breakfast did also, not, however, before several toasts were drunk, one to the press being given by Pezon, and responded to by a French journalist in a witty strain, who closed by proposing the health of the bride, and then, in the name of the press of all countries,

KISSING HER ON BOTH CHEEKS.

Somebody else proposed the ladies, and then there were long speeches, which, when they became too prosy, were interrupted by the roaring of Bidel's four little boys, who, disguised as lions, were roaming about the floor and making themselves nuisances generally. Then somebody slipped under the table and snatched off the bride's garter, which was cut up into as many pieces as there were bachelors present, and we all planed them to the lapels of our coats "for luck." After the dessert the table was cleared away and the hall turned into a ball room. At first the dancing was as sedate and correct as possible, but after a while the sets became more lively. The giants assumed athletic poses. A charming "demptense" showed us a step she called the pas de tigresse, and one of the fat women allowed herself to be tempted into treading a waltz measure with a living skeleton, which was the most grotesquely amusing thing that you ever saw.

A TALE OF MYSTERY.

A Family That is Said to Have Rivaled the Readers.

A Tiffin, O., correspondent writes: The villages of Gibsonburg and Helena, lying about eighteen miles north of here, are at present agitated over a mystery which savors somewhat of the tales of the Bender family and legends of old. About thirty years ago a stranger appeared in that vicinity and inquired for a family named Miller. He claimed to be a bachelor from Pennsylvania who had $4,000 to invest in a farm. He was shown the Miller residence and remained a short time with them. In fact, he was never seen to leave, though members of that family stated he had gone on west.

The Miller family, consisting of three brothers, one of whom was married, had a bad reputation, but no suspicions were aroused against them, not even when several months later, letters were received from relatives of the missing stranger inquiring about him and saying he had never been heard from. An investigation was then made, but developed nothing. After a short time the incident was all but forgotten.

Several years later the wife of the married brother died, and just a few hours before she expired she began to talk in a wild, rambling manner of a burial in a field. Her husband, who was present, placed his hand over her mouth, almost strangling her, and ordered everybody from the room. She died in a few moments. Now comes the strange and ghastly part of the story.

Immediately after the death of the woman, at a certain place in a neighboring field, various parties noticed the grass trampled down in a circle as though done by horses attached to horse-power, but there was no tracks of horses' feet. This remained for several days and disappeared. Fourteen years later one of the brothers died, and the grass at the same spot resumed the same appearance of being trampled and remained several days and again disappeared. A week ago another one of the brothers died, and the ground in the same place in the meadow, though having been ploughed a number of times, again resumed a circular trampled appearance.

This at last thoroughly aroused the neighborhood, and an investigation has been decided upon. It is thought this strange acting ground holds the secret of the disappearance of the stranger many years ago, and an attempt will be made to wrest it away by excavating. Several parties are already at work, but have not as yet discovered anything. The outcome of it all is awaited with great interest by the people from all sections of this part of the country.

Pompeian Muskets.

It was in a country district-school, and the first class in reading was ranged in a wavering line along the big crack midway between the stove and the front row of seats. The teacher, who was a brand-new graduate from college, was accustomed, when the lesson suggested something from his overflowing store of freshly garnered knowledge, to give the class the benefit of it in a little illustrative lecture.

This day the "piece" touched upon the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the teacher branched off into a description of that dreadful event.

"Think of it!" he said. "Many of the people were overwhelmed where they stood, at their ordinary vocations and the excavation have revealed the shape of their bodies in the lava, as if they were a sculptor's moulds. The blacksmith is found at his forge, with his hammer raised in the air; the baker is found thrusting his loaves into the oven; and the soldier who would not leave his post if he would, is found pacing his beat, with his musket on his shoulder."

The class seemed greatly impressed, but a small boy standing toward the head of the class put up his hand.

"Well, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"Can you please tell me, sir, in what year gunpowder was invented?"

The teacher's too ready knowledge was proved quite at fault by the boy's question. A gift for keeping facts in their proper relation often comes nearer to being "information" than a great store of loosely held learning.

A Judicial Sword-Swallower.

"What have you under your coat, Paddy Jasolin?" asked Judge Cady.

Pat said nothing, but gave a wink that would have stuck a cable-car on a down grade.

"What's under that coat?"

"Me sword, serr; shure O'll show yez, O'm a sword swallow!"

"Let me see it, quick!" and the court took the sword, pulled the cork out, smelled it, tasted it and drained it to the very last and then smacked his lips. When his hair stopped pulling he looked down at Paddy, who was paralyzed with astonishment, and with a smile that was worthy of Brutus, and not any bigger than a puppy dog. Its eyes are not open yet, but by the time they are it will have a playmate, for Queen Margot. She also informed me that she does not allow her lionesses to suckle their cubs, but provides them as soon as they are born with canine wet nurses, which become very fond of their lion foster-children.

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HEALTH.

VERTIGO.

Vertige is from a Latin word that means to turn.

It denotes an ailment characterized by a sudden feeling of dizziness, and at times by actual falling. Sometimes surrounding objects seem to the person attacked to whirl round, or the floor (or ground) to rise up. The fact that vertigo is often one of the earlier symptoms of apoplexy frequently fills the person with terror, lest that deadly disease may be impending. But in the majority of cases it has no such significance, not even as indicating a tendency.

To most persons, standing or walking seems a very simple thing. On the contrary, it is a very complicated one, and requires the concurrent action of different nervous centres. A disturbance of their harmonious co-operation at once throws us off our balance, producing the sensations above indicated.

Some form of vertige—a very persistent form—is due to irritation of certain nerves within the inmost chamber of the ear, the so-called labyrinth. This was what Dean Swift suffered from so long, and, to the physicians of his day, so unaccountably. One of its symptoms is temporary deafness. This distinguishes it from all other forms.

Another form connects itself mainly with the eye. Of this kind is the feeling of giddiness which some people have when, being on a train at rest, another train slowly passing deceives them into the idea that it is their own train that had begun to move. The giddiness occurs at the moment when the false and the true sensations become confused together.

In the case of the near sighted, the internal muscles of the eye often being unduly strained in their effort to converge the eyes sufficiently for their sight of near objects, suddenly give way, when the eyeballs turn out and the letters run into each other. This is accompanied with a feeling of giddiness, eyeache, headache, and sometimes nausea.

A third form connects itself with some slight disorder of the stomach, and occurs when the stomach is empty. There is a sudden swimming in the head, objects seem to revolve, and the person totters, and perhaps falls.

A fourth form is purely of nervous origin, and is due to nervous exhaustion. It may be caused by intellectual overtrain, long-continued anxiety, physical excesses, or the immoderate use of tobacco, alcohol, or tea. Elevated positions may bring on an attack. It rarely results in actual falling, but oftener in the feeling of being about to fall.

FOOD FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

After a child's first teeth come, try him with bread and milk, then cautiously oatmeal, rice, wheat and similar grain-foods, one at a time as you find them able to digest them. There should be no great change of food attempted in July or August. Whatever agrees with a year old child in June should be continued the following two or three months. A lady who believed this, carried her plump, rosy but teething baby through the second summer in a city boarding house on three meals a day, of bread and milk alone, without an idle day. But her hard heartedness afforded a constant topic to her fellow boarders.

It is possible in winter to feed a child who has cutten a year old some fruit, but this should be suspended for the hot season. In case of an older child, a little of one kind of fruit, when eaten in the morning, rarely sickens. But fruit should never be given after three o'clock in the afternoon. Many a sick night follows a too hearty or too varied supper, and the plainer the last meal of the day, the better.

This diet may seem needlessly plain, but we must remember that little babies have not our cultivated appetites and do not crave variety as much as we do. No child needs the stimulus of meats until he is three or four years old, unless in the form of weak broths. Vegetables, except potatoes, are not too much of that and never fried, are wholly unsuited to a young child's stomach. So are pastry, shortened cakes and rich cookies. Gingerbread is good but somewhat treacherous.

It is true some children do live through all kinds of meals, at all hours, but in regular hours and plain diet is the only safety for many. That the few live, only proves how long suffering is nature.

A Balloon Experience.

From an article on "Amateur Ballooning" in the September *Century* we quote as follows: "As nearly as could be judged, I was more than a mile high, and all sounds from the earth had ceased. There was a death-like silence which was simply awful. It seemed to my overstrained nerves to forbode disaster. The ticking of the watch in my pocket sounded like a trip hammer. I could feel the blood as it shot through the veins of my head and arms. My straw hat and the willow car snapped and cracked, being contracted by the evaporation of the moisture in them and by the fast cooling temperature. I was compelled to breathe a little quicker than usual on account of the rarity of the atmosphere. I became sensible of a loud, monotonous hum in my ears, pitched about on middle C of the piano, which seemed to bore into my head from each side, meeting in the center with a pop; then for an instant my head would be clear, when the same experience would be repeated. By throwing out small pieces of tissue-paper I saw that the balloon was still rapidly ascending. While debating with myself as to the advisability of pulling the valve-rope (I was afraid to touch it for fear it would break) and discharging some gas, the earth was lost sight of, and the conviction was forced upon me that this must be the cloud! It made me dizzy to think of it. Above, below, and upon all sides was a dense, damp, chilly fog. Upon looking closer, large drops of rain could be seen, silently falling down out of sight into what seemed bottomless space.

"I was alone, a mile from the earth, in the midst of a rain-cloud and the silence of the grave. Moreover, I had sole charge of the balloon; if it had not been for this fact I could have taken a little comfort, as I had no confidence in my ability to manage it. A rainstorm upon earth is accompanied by noise; the patter of the rain upon the houses trees, and walks always attends the storm; while here, although the drops were large, they could not be heard falling upon the balloon or its belongings. Silence reigned supreme. Tac quiet spoken of by Dr. Kane and other Arctic explorers as existing in the northern regions, was a hubbub beside this place. More tissue-paper was thrown out; seeing that it seemed, I knew that the apparatus was slowly descending, being brought down by the weight of rain upon it. Soon the earth was in view. How peaceful and quiet it looked! Immediately the whistling of railroad trains could be heard.

"Now mountains could be distinguished from valleys, and the cawing of frightened crows and the shouting of men could be heard. I passed immediately over Tallcott Mountain tower, where there were some two hundred people enjoying the day. I could pick out hear one of blowing a horn. As the balloon slowly descended men could be seen running from all sides towards the place of landing. Now the hum of insects could be heard, and the grapnel, with a hundred feet of rope attached, was thrown out; it soon struck the ground, and dragged lazily along through the turf and over the stones without getting a secure hold. I approached a man weighing three hundred pounds, who was sitting upon a stone wall all out of breath from running. Without the formality of an introduction I asked him to 'catch on to that anchor and stop the business.' With a woe-begone look upon his honest face and an ominous shake of the head, he replied: 'It's no use, young fellow; I can't work my bellows.' But as the rope twitched along near him, he fell upon it, and my journey was ended."

PEOPLE.

A movement is on foot for the erection of a monument to Blucher, the celebrated Prussian general, at Caub.

President Grevy's health is again the topic of much consideration in the French press. His admirers are trying to make him out a "Grand Old man," while his enemies gracefully and considerately refer to him as a "galvanized cadaver."

Sir Frederick Milner in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* attributes his defeat in the last English Elections to the fact that many of the voters had bets that he would not win and consequently worked hard against him. In one case in Yorkshire a bookmaker stood to win $15,000 on one of the candidates.

Charlotte Wocter, the famous Viennese actress, has a villa at Hietzing, near Vienna, which is described as a marvel of elegance and luxury. Its greatest gems are two wall paintings done on the spot by Hans Makart. One of them represents Frau Wocter in her famous role of Messalina.

The founder of the Campbell family was a Beauchamp, a Norman from Rouen, who followed William the Conqueror, to whom William gave large estates in England. In the thirteenth century it was customary among nobility to give Latin names to their estates. Beauchamp translated in Latin makes Campe Belle; translated in Saxon English it means Fairfield.

Nathan B. Moore, of Bingham, is the veteran among Maine moose hunters. He has killed 275 moose, and is anxious to bring the record up to an even 300, but his game laws only allow one moose a year to each hunter, he will hardly accomplish it. He is 68 years old, and thinks nothing of taking a twenty-five mile tramp through the woods any day.

The queen-regent of Spain is spending the season at La Granja. Every morning her Majesty goes out with the children, very simply attired and unattended by any suite. She may be frequently seen sitting on a bench in the palace grounds with the infant King in her lap and the two little Princesses playing on the grass around her. After dinner her Majesty gives an audience to Senor Martinez on affairs of state, and at six in the evening she takes an hour's drive along the Balsain road.

A certain bishop in the House of Lords rose to speak and announced that he should divide what he had to say into twelve parts, when the Duke of Whaten interrupted him, and begged that he might be indulged for few minutes as he had a story to tell which he could only introduce at that moment. "A drunken fellow was passing by St. Paul's at night, and heard the clock slowly chiming twelve. He counted the strokes, and when it had finished looked towards the clock and said 'Hang you! Why couldn't you give us all that at once?'" There was an end to the bishop's story.

Another of M. Pasteur's patients has died from hydrophobia. He was a commercial traveler living near Grenoble, and in April last he was bitten by a mad cat. He came to Paris and placed himself under M. Pasteur's treatment for nine days and returned home confident in his cure. A few days ago he was taken to a hospital bound hand and foot, and raving mad. A terror-stricken crowd, attracted by his appalling shrieks, followed the cab. The man very soon afterwards died. Questioned by a Paris journalist with regard to the case, M. Pasteur is reported to have replied, "The treatment has not proved efficacious in this instance. I have never claimed to have discovered the infallible remedy for hydrophobia. It is something, however, to have saved the lives that I have saved."

During Senator Cochran's recent visit to British Columbia he was walking along the track one very dark night and suddenly stepped into a cattle guard, striking his nose against the timber. He lost a quantity of blood, but succeeded in getting out of the cattle guard by himself, after which he fainted on the track, where a switchman shortly afterwards found him in time to rescue him from the express. He was taken to a hotel and medical aid summoned, and although for some time in a very precarious state, he was found to be sufficiently recovered to be removed to Calgary. Besides the injury to the face he received some very severe bruises about the body, but will in a short time, be round again as usual. Had the accident occurred to a less rugged man than the Senator it would likely have proved fatal.

How He Was Saved.

Inebriate—"You kept me from getting drunk last night and I want to thank you for it."

Temperance lecturer—"Don't thank me. I simply did my duty. So my lecture convinced you of the folly of drinking, did it?"

Inebriate—"Oh, I didn't attend your lecture."

Temperance lecturer—"I thought you said I kept you from getting drunk."

Inebriate—"And so you did. All the saloon keepers were at your lecture, and I couldn't get trusted for a drop."

HOUSEHOLD.

FOR DESSERT.

PEACH PUDDING.—Make a crust as for a strawberry short-cake. Take two dozen perfectly ripe peaches, pare and lay them into a deep baking dish. Add one-half cup of water and one cup of sugar. Roll out the crust and place it over the fruit, pressing the edges down close, and cut a hole in the center. Bake well half an hour. A lemon sauce may be served with it, if liked.

APPLES AND RICE.—Boil a cup of rice until it is well cooked. Pare ten or twelve apples, medium size, scoop out the cores and fill with some kind of jam, jilly or marmalade. Border a deep dish with crust and put in the apples, leaving a space between the apples to fill with rice; also spread the rice smoothly over the whole and brush over the top with the yolk of an egg; sift sugar over thickly, and then bake.

NEWMARKET DUMPLING.—Nearly fill a deep pudding dish with apples, sliced very thin. Set it into a close-fitting steamer over a kettle of boiling water. Make a crust as for cream tartar biscuit. When the apple is nearly cooked, grate a little nutmeg over it, and add one-half teaspoonful of extract of lemon; cover the apple with the crust and shut the steamer close. Cook about half an hour. To be served with a sauce.

APPLE SNOW.—Pare and core eight or ten tart juicy apples; boil them in water sufficient to cover them until they are soft, taking care to keep them whole; then remove from the pan and make a rich syrup of sugar and water, just enough to cover them; simmer slowly till they are amber colored. Place them in a glass dish and spread over them a frosting made of the whites of six eggs and two-thirds of a cup of pulverized sugar. It will be improved by being kept on ice. The yolks of the eggs may be used in making a boiled custard or for a salad dressing, which is not injured by leaving out the whites of the eggs used in it.

Marion Harland gives a recipe for making raspberry pie with cream which will apply as well to other berry or fruit pies. Line a pie plate with a good paste and fill with ripe raspberries sweetened abundantly. Lay the upper crust on evenly, but do not fasten by pinching or printing the outer edges. When the pie is baked, set aside to cool. The crust should be cold and stiff when you lift it to cover the contents with a cup of whipped cream, sweetened with powdered sugar. Replace the upper crust, sift sugar over it and send to the table.

WHY SOME PEOPLE ARE POOR.—Silver spoons and knives are used to scrape kettles. Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength. Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed, so that they become worthless. Brooms are never hung up and are soon spelled. Nice handled knives are thrown into hot water. The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the bread pan is left with the dough sticking to it. Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind. Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart. Dried fruits are not taken care of in season and become wormy. Rags, string and paper are thrown into the fire. Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the cellar wants scalding. Bits of meat, vegetables, bread and cold puddings are thrown away when they might be warmed, steamed and served as good as new.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

The excessive perspiration of summer is frequently weakening and results in an unhealthy condition of the skin and scalp. The best treatment for this is the addition of a cupful of household ammonia to the daily bath. It acts more rapidly and thoroughly than soap, and at the same time invigorates and strengthens the pores and glands.

A mammoth gum tree in the woods near Cambridge, Md., has for years been used by an eagle for the rearing of her young. The tree has been cut down after great labor. The nest at the top was found to be as large as a cart body, and contained two young eagles nearly full fledged. The birds survived the shock, and have been cared for as pets. The old bird was out on a foraging excursion at the time.

Stains may be removed even from the most delicately colored kid gloves, without injury, by suspending them for a day in an atmosphere of ammonia. Provide a tall glass cylinder, in the bottom of which place strong aqua ammonia. Be careful to remove from the sides of the jar any ammonia that may be spattered upon them. Suspend the gloves to the stopper in the jar. They must not come in contact with the liquid.

To cure warts.—Take a wide mouthed bottle—I use a horseradish bottle—having filled with common washing soda; fill with boiling water. Rub the warts with the solution as often as you please, anywhere from twice to fifty times a day. Within a week I stepped a freely bleeding wart, and in a month my hand was perfectly smooth. Simple, cheap, and painless, and a dead sure cure if faithfully applied.

Dr. Hebert gives the details of a method first suggested by Dr. Lugeon, which he has found most efficacious for the relief of sweating of the feet. For three days the feet are bathed, for half an hour at a time, morning and evening, in tar water. At the end of the third day the soles of the feet are painted on a day with perchloride of iron. After four days more the epidermis of the soles is found to be dry and hard. Dr. Hebert succeeded in obtaining a complete cure by this simple means.

Here is one method of removing objects from the eye. Take a horse-hair, and double it, leaving a loop. If the object can be seen, lay the loop over it, close to the eye, and the mote will come out as the hair is withdrawn. If the irritating object cannot be seen, raise the lid of the eye as high as possible, and place the loop as far as you can, close the eye, and roll the ball around a few times, draw out the hair, and the substance which caused the pain will be sure to come with it. The method is practised by axe-makers and other workers in steel.

Philip Pierce, a negro of Jacksonville, Fla., wants to bet $50 that he can suck forty-eight raw eggs and drink a gill of whisky within an hour.

Mr. Gladstone, who is going to spend his vacation on Lord Wolverton's Yacht, will cruise around the coast of Ireland and the west coast of Scotland.

THE
DESERONTO NEWS CO'Y
(LIMITED.)

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The Tribune.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1886.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Now for the township and county fairs.

THE TRIBUNE to Jan. 1st 1888, for one dollar.

The smiling oyster and dreary church social are now in season.

Remember, THE TRIBUNE is offered until the end of the year for 25 cents.

Several of our people went over to Picton on Wednesday to witness the bicycle race.

A meteor of unusual brilliancy flashed across the northern sky on Monday evening at 8:30 o'clock.

George Munro, of Shannonville, has been appointed one of the judges of pigs at the Quinte District Fair.

Mr. Herchmer Aylsworth has been appointed one of the judges of cattle at the Quinte District Fair at Belleville.

The Varuna broke her wheel on the last trip to the Thousand Islands, and was compelled to remain at Kingston several days for repairs.

Mr James Breault has entered on duties in the Central Office of the Rathbun Company succeeding Mr. Wm. Deans who has been promoted to the position of assistant to Mr. Rixen

Mr. James Gorman went over to Oswego on Saturday to visit old friends in that city and enjoy a well earned holiday. His family who have been visiting friends for some weeks return home with him.

West's Pain King acts promptly, cures quickly. Never fails to cure bowel complaint, colic, cholera morbus, cholera. Costs but 25 cts, is always ready. Enquire regarding its merits of W. G. Egar.

Ayer's Ague Cure acts directly on the liver and biliary apparatus, and drives out the malarial poison which induces liver complaints and bilious disorders. Warranted to cure, or money refunded.

By taking Ayer's Sarasparilla many a poor sufferer who submits to the surgeon's knife, because of malignant sores and scrofulous swellings, might be saved, sound and whole. This medicines purges out the corruptions which pollute the blood and cause disease.

Indians who wish to exercise the privilege of the ballot intelligently will do well to subscribe for THE TRIBUNE. No dependence should be placed on these wily politicans who are only looking out for the interests of their parties. Read THE TRIBUNE, a good democratic paper, only $1.00 a year.

We omitted to state last week that Principal Grant, of Queen's College, and the Rev. D. Macrae, of Scotland, addressed the Indians of the Reserve on Thursday forenoon, both gentlemen expressing the pleasure they felt at being present on such an auspicious occasion.

THE saved Army hold a grand jubilee in Cameron's Hall, next Monday 13th inst. Capt. Vance will be in command and a large number of distinguished officers of the Army from this and the surrounding districts will be present and assist at the exercises. Splendid singing will be a marked feature of the proceedings. Admission to the hall 10 cts.

John Meagher had the misfortune to break his leg early in the summer. After lying twelve weeks on his back he is able to be up again though necessarily much reduced in strength of body. His fellow workmen in the Big Mill and other friends very thoughtfully and kindly presented him with a purse of over fifty dollars to help lighten the burden of his long confinement. This kind act is one of many which illustrates the kind concern and sympathy ever manifested by the workmen of Deseronto towards their fellows in times of trouble or distress.

Russian diplomacy has scored another victory in the enforced abdication of Prince Alexander from the throne of Bulgaria, despite the unwavering loyalty of the prince's subjects. Russian influence is now predominant in the Balkan peninsula. England as well as Austria have been humiliated, but the day of reckoning is surely near. It is not the duty of England to interfere by force of arms. Despite their present cordial relations, Russia and Germany must come into collision. Germany alone can prevent the Russian advance in Europe.

A most worthy Scotsman, the HON. Alexander Mackenzie, ex-premier of Canda, says the Greenock Telegraph, is spending the summer in his native country, and we are pleased to learn he is very much improved in health since he arrived in Scotland, being now able to walk a considerable distance every day. Of his eleven trips across the Atlantic the latest was the most favorable. Mr. Mackenzie has been rusticating since his arrival in his native county of Perth, but we presume he will take a run to the west before he returns to the Dominion. He had a hand, as a young man, in the construction of the railway between Glasgow and Ayr.

Chief M. J. Pandaush, second chief of the eastern Ojibway confederacy, attended the late demonstration on the Reserve and made the parsonage his home. The Chief informed us that twenty-two years had passed since a former visit to the Tyendinaga reserve. He saw every indication of great progress, and had no doubt that the Indians on the Tyendinaga reserve were farther advanced than those of any portion of Canada. He thought the schools on his own reserve were better than those he had visited here. He attended services on the reserve three times last Sunday, and was particularly impressed with the good order which prevailed, and the devout spirit manifested by the large congregations of worshippers on each occasion, a state of things very different from what he had observed on other Indian reservations.

Cheap slates at THE TRIBUNE office.

School books at THE TRIBUNE OFFICE. Slates at the same place.

Subscriptions to the Daily and Weekly *Mail* received at THE TRIBUNE office.

Mr Dingman, Inspector of Indian Agencies, has been in town this week on official business.

Dr. Yones shot a large number of fine ducks near lighthouse island up the bay last Tuesday.

Now before the rainy season sets in would be a good time to go on with the boardwalk to the Mohawk Church.

The "Jamboree" carried a large pic-nic party of young people last Saturday afternoon. Capt. Dawes was at the helm.

THE "Quinte" carries an excursion from Belleville to Napanee to-morrow. One hour in Napanee. Return tickets 25 cts.

The Mohawk Demonstration Committee realized about $300 by their grand pic-nic at the parsonage. This is a handsome sum to be added to the parsonage building fund.

The Conservatives of Lennox will meet on the 23rd inst. to nominate a candidate for the Dominion Parliment. It is generally supposed that Mr. Uriah Wilson is the coming man.

Rev. D. O. Crossley's excursion on Tuesday was well patronized. The trip was much enjoyed. The works at the canal were visited and the services at the camp-meeting found interesting.

There are hundreds of former residents of Tyendinaga and Deseronto who have settled in the western states and territories to whom THE TRIBUNE would be the very best gift you could send. Just try the experiment.

Many of the farmers who sell produce in our market absolutely refuse to expend one cent in the shops of Deseronto. Will some of our merchants explain to our readers why this is so? THE TRIBUNE, of course, knows why.

The Conservative and Reform conventions for East Hastings will soon be called to select candidates for the approaching Dominion and Provincial elections. It is not improbable that these will be held simultaneously.

Our readers will notice the "ad" of the Dominion Business College, Kingston, in another column. We are pleased to note the unbounded success of this institution; 273 students having been enrolled since last January, 1886. We wish it success.

ALL books belonging to the library of the Mechanics Institute which have run out beyond the prescribed time must be returned immediately, otherwise members having them in possession will be charged the amount per day mentioned in the regulations.

Why will you suffer when 25 cents will buy a bottle of West's Pain King and one dose will cure the worst case of colic or cramps and a few doses will cure summer complaint, dysentry, diarrhoea or flux. Go to W. G. Egar's drug store and purchase a bottle without delay.

"People who build rows to rent in this city are not half sharp," soliloquized Contractor Chowen as he closed a bargain to paint five pairs of twin tenements a dirty drab. "Most folks like to have it seem as if they owned the places they live in, and painting a whole row of houses all of one color makes it evident to the merest stranger that they are all rented. It would cost no more to vary the colors and would increase the renting capabilities of houses 25 per cent."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Captain Gowan, and the officers and crew of the *Resolute* are now in mourning, while their countenances give every indication of genuine sorrow. On Monday "Jack" an Irish terrier, a favorite pet and companion of the gallant captain, succumbed to the hot weather and went mad. He went about snapping his teeth viciously at everybody within his reach, and even attacked the Captain himself. He was finally despatched by Capt. Gowan, and subsequently given decent burial by his other friends.

Rev. David Macrae, of Dundee, Scotland, conducted the services in the Church of the Redeemer on Sunday, preaching both morning and evening. His eloquent and impressive discourses held the undivided interest of the congregation. Mr. Macrae expressed himself as greatly pleased with his trip to Deseronto. He greatly enjoyed the privilege of meeting and hearing so many of the leading public men of Canada at the Mohawk and Picton demonstrations. The distinguished divine left on Monday for a visit to Ottawa and took the steamer at Quebec yesterday for Scotland.

The city of Brantford is making great preparations for the Brant memorial celebration, Oct. 13th, 14th and 15th. The monument erected by national subscription to Capt. Joseph Brant "Thayendanagea" will be unveiled by Lieut-Governor Robinson on Oct. 13th, with speeches by distinguished personages. The programme will embrace competitive drill by uniformed corps, trades and labour processions, athletic sports, band tournament, lacrosse and base ball matches, bicycle and horse races, military review, Indian war dancing, roasting an ox, pyrotechnic display by Prof. Pain, of New York, and countless other attractions.

Mr. J. W. Dexter very generously treated the members of the Presbyterian choir to a drive on Monday evening. The party to the number of twenty, having assembled at Mr. Dexter's residence, set out in three of Mr. James Gault's large carriages, and drove up along the Bay for two or three miles. Laughter and song rang through the night air and the drive was much enjoyed by all. Returning to town, a halt was called at Geddis' restaurant where the large party were regaled with cake and ice-cream. Ample justice being done to these delicacies, a procession was formed to the manse where all were hospitably received by Mr. & Mrs. Craig. After singing a few songs and choruses, Mr. Craig addressed the party, referring with much regret to the loss which the choir was to sustain by the departure of the Misses Burgess and Mr. W. C. Archer. "Auld Lang Syne" was then sung in orthodox style and an adjournment made to Mr. Dexter's residence where a very happy hour was passed with songs and speeches. Somewhat reluctantly the meeting at length dispersed all being deeply grateful to Mr. & Mrs. Dexter for the pleasure afforded by the drive and the kind hospitality dispensed by them on the occasion. Such kindly acts on the part of church members, only too rare as they are, greatly tend to encourage choirs and other organizations whose work is often left to pass without any manifestations of appreciation.

Scribbling books at THE TRIBUNE office.

Tuesday was a quarterly fair day in Napanee.

School books and stationery very cheap at THE TRIBUNE office.

Mr. John Wilson, Thomas-st., is making several improvements on his residence.

A new post-office called Hayburn, Mr. W. H. Rikely, postmaster, has been opened in South Fredericksburgh.

The Kingston Business College has again re-opened its doors with double as many students as at this time last year.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dalton left for Montreal on Monday night to make purchases of millinery, furniture, &c. for the fall trade.

Commissioner Brown has been busy completing the drains on east St. Thomas street and putting stone on the same thoroughfare.

Councillor Edwards has been making several improvements on his residence, and has erected a handsome and substantial fence in front thereof.

Dr. Newton is possessor of N. Bailey's English dictionary published in 1733. This is a very rare work of great value, full of information which is given in a quaint style.

Rev. Dr. Kane, Grand Master of the Orange Order of Belfast, Ireland, has arrived in Canada. Dr. Kane will lecture in various cities, beginning at Toronto, on "the doings of the Land League".

Arthur Post, of the Cedar Mill, broke his collar bone last Sunday, by falling against a tree. Alex. Wilkison had his arm broken by a bundle of lath falling from the pile on Monday. Both men were attended by Dr. Newton.

Sleep was rendered impossible last Friday night by a disagreeable buzzing sound the origin of which seems to be unknown. It has been suggested that it was one of the effects of the Picton Demonstration on the Grit contingent which went from Deseronto.

As a result of Hon. Mr. Foster's inspection of the Pacific coast during his recent tour in British Columbia, a number of important improvements will be made to lessen the dangers of navigation in the channel. Mr Foster also took the depositions of the crews of the Canadian vessels seized in Alaskan waters by the American authorities for alleged violation of the seal fishery laws.

Mr. T. H. Nasmith, cashier for the Rathbun Company, together with Master Hubert Nasmith, left on the afternoon express last Wednesday for Toronto, where they will spend a day or two taking in the Provincial Fair. They will then proceed to Collingwood whence they will sail on a trip up the great lakes to Port Arthur, Duluth, &c. Mr. Nasmith expects to be absent about two weeks on his vacation.

A botanist has attempted to estimate the number of seeds found upon single specimens of some of the most obnoxious weeds of this country. For shepherd's purse he makes the number 37,500 per plant; dandelion, 12,108; wild pepper grass, 18,400; wheat thief, 7,000; common thistle, 65,366; camomile, 15,920; butter weed, 8,587; ragweed, 4,366; common purslane, 388,800; common plantain, 42,200; burdock, 38,068.

Gen. Adam Badeau, whose acquaintance with English society is as close as that of any American, writes of Queen Victoria, who, he thinks, has lived a sad life: "The queen of England exhibits in her exalted sphere virtues which the humblest man or woman in her realm might imitate, virtues which endear her personally to her subjects, and certainly make them unwilling, in her time, to disturb her throne. Purity, honor, truth, religion, fidelity in the family relations, constancy to friends, sympathy with all forms of human suffering in whatever class—these are traits on account of which the English people of to-day are content to have a queen."—Exchange.

Belleville was visited with disastrous fires on Monday afternoon and evening. In the afternoon about 2,000,000 feet of lumber in Flint and Holton's lumber yard was burned entirely, a loss of $25,000; no insurance. About 9 p.m the premises on Front street occupied by G. S. Tickell & Sons were found to be in a blaze, the work, no doubt, of an incendiary. Tickell's establishment, Carmichael's drugstore, and a building belonging to E. Harrison were all destroyed. The following are the losses:—Tickell & Son, $18,000; insurance $11,000; Dr. Farley, $400, covered by insurance; W. R. Carmichael, druggist, $8,000, insured for $5,000; E. Harrison, $8,000, insured for $4,000: Wm. Templeton, stable, $300, no insurance; Ashley Carriage Company, $200 covered by insurance.

Half the reading that is done in the world is not done to find information, or for improvement mental or moral, but for pastime. A great deal of time is spent in reading that which is only read to be forgotten. As it is not what we eat, but what we digest that makes us grow, or preserve a good physical condition, and as over-eating or too frequent eating tends to dyspepsia, so it is with reading. How few of all the thousands who read a great deal have any method in reading. We all read the newspapers to gather the news of the day, which has become a recognized necessity of the age. The man of culture strives to keep acquaintance with the best literature of the time, including the best fiction. Reading for amusement, within proper bounds, is healthful. But the omnivorous reader, who reads without system, without thought and almost constantly, wears out his eyesight, dulls his memory, and in a measure unfits himself for the healthful enjoyment of life.

THE political demonstration held at Picton last Friday on the occasion of the visit of the Liberal leaders was an immense success. The *Quinte* arrived at Deseronto about 10:30 a.m., having on board a large party including Hon. Messrs. Blake, Mowat and Ross. At Deseronto a large number joined the party, most of whom were introduced to the distinguished visitors. On the way to Picton addresses were presented to Messrs. Blake and Mowat by the Reformers of Belleville, Lennox and Deseronto. The Deseronto addresses were read by by Messrs. W. R. McRae and Aylsworth, and were received with evident satisfaction. The *Quinte*, *Gipsy* and *Reindeer* steamed into Picton all together, and the *Hero* and *Maude* subsequently arrived from Kingston with a large multitude. The meeting was held in the skating rink, in which it was said 5,000 people were assembled. An overflow meeting, at which 3,000 persons were present, was held at the same time on the market square. The Minister of Education, and Hon. Messrs. Blake and Mowat, delivered able speeches reviewing the principal political questions of the day. The vast crowds were very orderly and the meeting very harmonious.

Mrs. Chas. Dryden and family have removed to Napanee, where they make their future home.

Messrs. Hampton and J. F. Stokes have fitted up a target for rifle practice.

Mrs. B. Brewer has sold her house on Thomas street to a party in Fredericksburg.

An exchange states that a distinguishing characteristic of the young ladies of Deseronto is a desire to get married.

Mr. M. C. Dunn's new terrace is being hurried forward with all speed. It is quite an acquisition to Fourth street.

Now that creased pants and rough edged paper are fashionable, the only thing needful to complete the editor's happiness is a crazy for frayed cuffs.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Mr. Philip Conley has removed with his family to Tarrytown, New York, where he has secured employment in the new tunnel now being constructed there. We regret the loss of such estimable citizens.

The directors of the Mechanics Institute are preparing for a grand promenade concert and entertainment which promises to eclipse anything of the kind ever held in Deseronto. They rely on a splendid patronage by the public generally.

A man, stopping his paper, wrote to the editor: "I think men ottent to spend their munny for payper, my dad didn't and everybody sed he was the intelligentest man in the country, and he had the smartest family of boys that ever dug taters.

The weather during the past week was generally dry and extremely warm. On Tuesday the thermometer indicated 86° and on Wednesday, 88° in the shade. A refreshing rain fell yesterday morning and a lower temperature now obtains.

If every farmer would cut down the burdocks, nettles, thistles, mullein, and pig weed beside the road next to his own lands, would it not be an improvement? It is probable that next year he would not have as many weeds to hoe from the corn and potatoes on the other side of the fence.

The propeller Passport of the Richelieu line, recently sunk at Cornwall, has been raised by Mr. John Donnelly, of Kingston. Three hours from the time the pumps were started she was floating. She was taken to the dry dock in Montreal for repairs. Some lumber was sent from the Deseronto shipyard for that purpose.

The stock of Fancy Coatings for the coming season at the BIG STORE cannot be equaled in any other store in this vicinity, they lead the trade and give their patrons the best goods manufactured at the same prices as other dealers charge for shoddy. Examine their goods and prices and you will be convinced that the BIG STORE serves you best.

The election in Haldimand took place on Wednesday and resulted in the return of Mr. Coulter, the Reform candidate, by a majority of 190 votes. Very great interest was manifested in this contest as it was the first election held under the new franchise act and as there were 125 Indian voters who for the first time exercised the privilege of the ballot. The Riel question was made the sole issue of the campaign.

New Fall Goods opened at the New Store, Smith's Block, this week, Full particulars next issue.
G. E. Fraser.

PERSONAL.

C. E. Hubbs, has removed to Glenora, where he becomes head book-keeper in C. S. Wilson's office.

Mr. Wm. Woodhouse, of the N. T. & Q. Ry., gave us a pleasant call on Monday.

Miss M. A. Lyman, of Marysville, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. Samll Tait has been quite ill from an attack of malarial fever.

Miss Bertha Porter, of Portsmouth, has been visiting at Mr. W. F. Stuart's.

Mr. F. W. Powell, of Ottawa, was in town this week.

Mrs. Cameron, of Bloor street, Toronto, is visiting with her old friends at the Mohawk parsonage.

Miss Kate Maricle, teacher on the Mississauga Reserve, attended the demonstration last week.

Mr. Peter Martin, accountant for Mr. T. Butler, returned to Millbridge on Monday.

Miss Stokes returned home on Monday from a visit to Kingston and the Thousand Islands.

Miss Tottie Ferguson has returned home after spending three weeks with her friends in Tamworth.

Miss Edith McKay, of Belleville, is the guest of Mrs. James Davis, Dundas street.

Mr. Wm. Bick, Bobcaygeon, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. D. W. Allison, of Adolphustown, spent Tuesday in Deseronto.

Mr. Wm. Noble has been laid up for a few days by an attack of sickness.

Mr. A. Vandusen, of Greenpoint, has been suffering from an attack of malarial fever.

Mr. Young, of the Trenton *Courier*, accompanied by Mrs. Young, crossed over on the Resolute on Tuesday evening on a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickson, of Camden East, were in town last Tuesday.

Mrs. James Stokes left on the Resolute last evening on a visit to friends in Kingston and other cities of New York.

Mr. R Geddis went to Hillier on Wednesday to attend the marriage of his niece, of which particulars are given in the proper column.

Miss Deans returned home yesterday from Rochester and we are glad to learn that her health has been much benefitted by the trip.

Mrs. John C. Green, of Trenton, was in town on Friday night.

Miss Hadden, of Picton, spent a few days in town, as the guest of Miss Clement.

Mrs. Masson, of Seymour, is visiting Mrs. Stewart B. Bowen, of Richmond.

Mr. J. Augustus Craig spent a few days in Deseronto last week, on a visit to his brother, the Rev. R. J. Craig.

Mr. & Mrs. James Bowen, of Richmond, are on a visit to Mr. Benjamin Detlor, of Erinsville, where a gathering of relatives and friends took place to witness the marriage of Miss Detlor.

Next Sunday is the twentieth after Trinity.

Copies of the *Weekly Mail* for sale at THE TRIBUNE office.

The Rathbun Company have purchased the dock and warehouse of Mr. Hial Jackson, Picton, in order to give more accommodation for the increased business at that port.

The schr. "Idlewild" cleared from port yesterday with the first cargo of barley shipped this season from the bay district. She was loaded by Mr. R. H. Baker.

RAMBLERS WHEEL CLUB.

MEETING AT PICTON.

The Belleville Ramblers Wheel Club held their annual race meeting on the Agricultural Society's race track at Picton, on Wednesday afternoon, the 8th inst. Although there was not a large attendance those present enjoyed themselves, and went away well pleased with the day's sport.

The first event of the day was a base ball match between the Belleville I. X. L's, and a scratch team made up in Picton. The match from the start to finish was a one-sided affair, the Belleville boys taking it by 11 runs and one innings to spare. The score being:

Belleville	24 runs.
Picton	13 "

In the 220 yard foot race there were three entries:—Duncan and Clarke, of Belleville, and Woolard, of Gananoque. The race was run in heats. Before the race started Clarke entered a protest against Wollard, claiming that he was a professional, and ran the race under protest.

The following is a list of events in their order:—

220 YARDS FOOT RACE.

A. Duncan,	3	1st heat.	3 2nd heat.
H. Clark,	1	"	1 "
W. H Wollard,	2	"	2 "

Time, 25¼; 30¾.

1 MILE NOVICE RACE.

Jamieson,	3	Time 4:11¼
Sweetman,	2	
C. James	1	

HALF MILE FOOT RACE.

Duncan,	3	Time 2:18
Wollard,	2	
H. A. Dean,	1	

1 MILE—4 MINUTE CLASS.

Lingham,	1	Time 3:44¼
Normile,	2	
Gibson,	4	
Christie,	6	
James,	3	
McCormack,	5	

1 MILE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.

This race was for the championship of the five counties of Hastings, Lennox, Addington, Frontenac and Prince Edward. There were three starters.

Cooper,	1	Time 3:15.
Dean,	2	
Wilson,	3	

2 MILE BICYCLE RACE.

Cooper,	1	Time 7:24¼
Normile,	3	
Wilson,	2	

½ MILE BICYCLE RACE.

In this race there were four entries, but after the second heat had been run, Cooper who had first and second place gave up when third heat was called, owing to having entered in too many events, Bonar and Normile, of Napanee, finished in the order named. Time 1:46¼.

The consolation race was declared off owing to the inability of getting men to start. The time made was very fast when we take into account the condition of the track and heat of the day, it being opressively warm.

J. H. Palmer, Timekeeper; J. H. Carter, Judge; Jas. Stoddart, Starter.

After the races, the medals were distributed, on the grounds, to the successful competitors.

DESERONTO MARKET.

Deseronto, Sept. 9, 1886.

BARLEY, 55 to 65 cents per bushel.
OATS, 30 to 35 " "
BUTTER, 14 to 15 cents per pound.
LAMB, 4 to 7 " "
BEEF, 4 to 6 " "
LARD, 9 to 12 " "
EGGS, 11 to 12 cents per dozen.
POTATOES, 60 to 65 cents per bag.
HAY, 7 to 9 dollars per ton.
CHICKENS, 45 to 50 cents per pair.
DUCKS, 50 to 60 "
GEESE, 50 to 60 cents each.
TURKEY 60 to $1 "
Hides 6 to 7 dollars per cwt.
Pelts 60 to 85 cents each.
Tallow in rough 3 cents per lb.
Tallow rendered 5½ "
Hogs, live weight, $5.00 to $6.00 per cwt.
Hogs, dead, $6.00 to $7.00 " "
Apples, 65 per bag.

TO LET.

THE west part of the brick dwelling east of TRIBUNE office. Apply to
MRS. CLOSE,
Napanee.
Sept. 2, 1886. 51-w3

LOVELL'S
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Please send for Prospectus.

JOHN LOVELL,
Manager and Publisher.
MONTREAL, 4th August, 1886.